Jos D Armitage


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## FABRICS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I. VELVET.

Here fittingly is the one most regal dress
From the manner its full round folds divide
Whose superb calm and imperial pride
With soft alluring luxury replesce
Now we behold it stately lustreness
Nest mellow glimmerings in its depths abide
Where masses of rich varying shadow hide,
Close wedded to its sumptuous heaviness
Always it shows me some traditional scene
Of thrones, ambassadors and the pomp of rule
Great marriages, princely promises held cheap,
The pampered favorite, the neglected queen,
The reckless insolence of the gaudy fool
The fawning courtier, and the assassin's leap

II. SATIN.

No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea birds preen,
And sweet of all fair draperies that I know
I mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene
Smitten about with mutable splendors mild serene
In some voluminous garment white as snow
For this I feel impetuous fancy drawn
Forth at some distant and half mysterious call
Even like a bird that breaks from clinging bars,
And glided vaguely by the Italian dawn,
I see Romeo scale the garden wall
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars

III. BROCADE.

When in the festal glory of grand events,
This pale flowered silk whose stately form it sheathes
Wrought intricately with pearly sprays and wreaths
Arabesques and scrolls and leaf like ornaments
What memories of old majesties intense
For ever present its elaborate woof bequeathes
While very rustic and sweet, augustly breathes
Of leisure and wealth and grave magnificence!
For when I watch it, amber, yellow or rose
As though some delicate wand were waved in air
By some invisible wonder smith I gaze
On courtly gentlemen with embroidered hose
And radiant ladies with high powdered hair
Stepping through minuets in colonial days

## SOME QUEER HUMAN BEINGS.

Having business away up in West Virginia some months ago, I was warned to look out for a singular race of beings called "Sangers." They are found among the mountains in sparsely settled tracts, and are certainly great curiosities. I had heard of them when a boy living in the Roanoke district, but supposed their existence purely problematical. They were represented as a race of Tom Thumbs and many nursery stories were told concerning them. Plantation hands said that they had seen them lurking in the spurs of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. Their achievements were said to rival those of Beanstalk Jack and my young blood was curdled by tales of their cruelty. Darkey infants were broiled at their feasts, and the bodies shared with enormous eagles that hovered above them and awaited a division of the spoils. They were described as chunky little rascals who lived in the crevices of the rocks, fed on toads, ferns and babies, and roamed over the mountains like foxes and weasels.

During my journey I kept a bright lookout for "Sangers," and found the genuine tribe in Nicholas, Pendleton, Greenbrier, and Webster counties. There are scattering communities in other parts of the State, but in these four counties they seem to attain absolute perfection. They live on wooded slopes or in mountain gorges, miles from post roads and township settlements. They keep entirely to themselves, and physically and mentally are far above the Digger Indians. They earn a livelihood by digging and selling the ginseng root, which grows wild in all parts of the country, and is superabundant in the mountain fastnesses. This root is bought by country storekeepers, forwarded to Cincinnati and other cities, and shipped to China, where it commands a high price.

The origin of the "Sangers" is unknown. Their existence long before the war, and his ranks were largely recruited from the deserters and camp followers of the Confederate army. Many of these men came from North Carolina settlements and the cross between the Tarheel and native "Sanger" has produced a breed unique in texture and extraordinary in mental optimism. Their fecundity is remarkable. In some communities marriage is unknown. Polygamy, however, is not allowed. The children begin to care for themselves at an early age and are never sent to school. Lawyers are tabooed. The people live by themselves, and are a law unto themselves. They make their wills and leave no disputes over the property of dead men. But few of them vote, and they have never heard of Reform or the Constitution. They are shy of strangers, and, like partridges, shrink from publicity. Rarely do they approach a settlement. Those who do so are loaded with ascetically fixed as though starting in ambush. Now and then one or two come into some country store with a backload of ginseng roots and exchange it for whiskey, salt, sugar, coffee, snuff, powder and shot. With the exception of a little bacon and cornmeal they buy nothing more. The women drink tea made from sassafras and the root of the golden rod. They raise their own tobacco and use corn cob pipes. All their fresh meat is caught in traps. Raccoons, opossums, groundhogs, squirrels, pinioned grouse, and similar game never come amiss. In the winter there is a plentiful supply of bear meat and venison. During the spring and summer delicious brook trout are in season. But these are dainties only. Bacon and cornmeal are the main staple. I hear, however, that they have many edible curiosities, such as rattlesnakes, owls, eagles, young crows and polecats. They recognized the virtue of horse and mule meat long before the sieges of Paris and say that it is exceedingly wholesome. They look upon a frog eater with horror, yet I am told that fried grasshoppers are not despised by them.

Persons living in the mountainous regions of West Virginia detect a "Sanger" at a glance. The specimens seen by me were as tough as knots and as active as cats. They had a starved, stunted appearance, and were clad or half clad in grotesque rags. I rode ten miles on horseback over a road from which no habitation was visible, and two of them kept abreast of me on foot. The horse was a fast traveller, but the "Sangers" loped along, showing no sign of fatigue, and I think they could have kept up all day. They were strangers, but I had no fear, for they bore no arms. I am told that not one in twenty owns a gun or pistol. Virginians tell me that they are very cowardly and never touch a man unless they can do it at overwhelming odds. This may be so, but from what I saw of them I should say that they are prudent and peaceful.

I cannot call them an agricultural people, for they seem to have an antipathy to farming and gardening. A few attempt to raise a little corn, but twenty nine out of thirty trade ginseng roots for corn meal and never touch a hoe. They live in log huts with mud chimneys. One room serves for all purposes. With roaring fire on the hearth, they pass the coldest winters apparently happy in their squalor and poverty, without a thought of the outside world. They sleep upon the floor covered with woollen blankets, with their feet turned toward the hot coals. They say that warm feet keeps the body warm, and so long as their toes are warm they care but little for covering. Such expressions as "might tolerable," "a heap o' em," "git shut of 'em," "right smart stretch," &c., are common and they speak in a dialect so quaint and drawling that one might fancy them an offshoot from the griddle footed Yankee.

Take him altogether, hoofs and horns, the "Sanger" is a strange being, worthy a close study, for the longer we live the older we get and the more we see the more we learn.

S. I. H.

A BANQUET FOR TEN THOUSAND KNIGHTS.—A project is on foot to give the grandest banquet of modern times in Chicago in August, 1880. This is a long way ahead, but not too soon to begin for an affair of the magnitude of the entertainment in question. It is to be upon the occasion of the triennial meeting of the Knights Templar of America, which is to take place here at that time. At the banquet will be seated 10,000 people, who are to be served in all the elegance of the most sumptuous feast ever spread. The meal is expected to cost something over $50,000, and no profits to the caterer. The plan is to spread tables capable of seating 100 each of the Knights and their friends upon the lake front, if the weather is favorable, and if not, in the Exposition Building, which will have a temporary annex in order to make its capacity equal to the occasion. The waiters will number 1,000, and be divided into centuries and tens. Each 100 will be under a centurian, and each gang of ten will be directed by a head waiter. Each table will in this way be served by ten waiters as promptly as though it composed the entire banquet. Most of the food is to be put upon the tables in domestic style, every tenth man for example, carving for his neighbors. Immense ranges will be built to cook the food, which is to be first class in every particular. Owing to the season of the year, fruits and ices will be a prominent feature of the repast, but it is said that 2,000 fowls will lose their heads to satisfy the cravings of the knightly appetite for roasts, salads, &c.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.—At a continental ball where there was a sprinkling of all the principal nations and a prince, count, baron, or princess here and there, to everybody's great delectation (themselves not excepted), a gorgeous officer expatiated to us upon the incomparable superiority of American young ladies. "English ladies," said he, "are beautiful and refined, but icy and always oppressed with an evident fear of overstepping some propriety, which renders their conversation constrained. The German ladies, less carefully trained to coldness and reserve, but bound by rules no less severe, and as much absorbed in balancing their feather of propriety, prove no less backward in the matter of entertaining. But the Americans! ah, they are so dignified, yet so natural; so elegant, yet so entertaining! I will go and introduce myself to another."—*Boston Society.*

*Night of on the Crown*

## THE STORY OF PATTI DIVA.

**Her Childhood in New York, Her European Debut and the Rivalry of De Caux and Dore. Some Reminiscences of her Career by one of her Greatest of German Critics**

I

When Adelina Patti was in Vienna last spring I asked her to relate the details of her early life.

"With pleasure," replied the singer. "I will tell you what I know, and you may interrupt me as often as you please. That I am no longer a young woman you know. What is the use of my denying that I was born on the 19th of February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre like a soldier's child, therefore I have no real home. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman, in Madrid where they both sang in Italian opera, I was born, and I was brought to New York. Of languages I first learned English, then Italian, and finally French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America. My father, Salvatore Patti—(I see him now! I interrupted—a tall hard some man with white hair and black eyes!)—he was a tenor, a good singer, and a favorite with the public. My mother was more than that—she was a great artist. She achieved her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, which was the name of her first husband. Admired by the public, she even made artists jealous, who, once put into the shade by her, ... cared to appear with my mother together. Our whole family was musical. My step-brother Barilli, a good singer, first taught me to sing, and that to me a thoroughly systematic manner.

"Maurice Strakosch was not then, as is generally supposed, your first and only teacher?"

"Certainly not. Strakosch, an Austrian born in a little Moravian town, came to New York as a young pianist, and married my elder sister Amelia, who at that time possessed a beautiful mezzo soprano, which unfortunately, she soon lost. He only taught me to sing 'Una voce' in 'The Barber of Seville,' and afterwards when I, a finished singer, travelled through Europe, he went through my parts with me. But let us return to those days of childhood in New York. A musical ear and the capacity and desire to sing were developed in me at an extraordinarily early age, and therefore when I was but a little child I was taught singing by my brother in law and piano playing by my sister Carlotta. Carlotta whom you know, had been educated as a pianist. It was only discovered afterwards that she possessed a voice, too, which sang higher notes than mine—and my success as a singer induced her to pursue the same career—only in the concert room of course, for she has been lame since she was a child. And thus we three sisters and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, who lately died in New York, were born in perfect harmony and with many cares. When a little child I was already passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang I was at the opera every night, very gesture the family impressed on my mind. If on the after being brought home I practiced I would actually get up and by the light of the little lamp candle for my own instruction all the scenes which I had witnessed that night. I acclaimed in the arms of my brothers and in old clothes of my mother's served as costume, and thus I acted, danced and sang, like a tenor, fenced with an ornate hoop—the great all the operas."

"You picked, then, only applause and wreaths?"

"Oh no, they were not lacking, either, for I presented too my audience applaud I had thrown bouquets at myself—bouquets which I had skilfully manufactured of old newspapers. Then bitter misfortune fell us. The manager failed and disappeared with the receipts, his troupe dispersed and it was all over with Italian opera. Our parents occupation was gone, we were a numerous family and a severe hardship of poverty and trouble. My father tried many things, the piano shop and sometimes he taught how to procure bread for us, but I did not understand anything about such things and sang from morning till night. My father observed this and the thought occurred to him that my bright, childish voice would save the family from starvation. And thank God I did save them. When seven years of age I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table next to the piano, so that the audience could see the little doll, and there were many listeners and plenty of applause. And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but bravura airs, first 'Una voce poco fa' with the same ornamentation and exactly as I sing it to day. I had the happiness of seeing the pawned clothing and trinkets return, and we were again living a comfortable life. Thus a few years passed during which I played and sang, industriously with Carlotta."

"Do you know anything else?" I permitted myself to ask.

"Oh yes. I can make dresses, and know all manner of handiwork. My mother insisted upon it, for the voice, said she, is easily lost, and the operatic stage is a very uncertain living. In the meantime Strakosch became my brother in law, and was connected with B. Ullman, impresario of the New York Italian Opera. My ability and my love for the stage had largely increased, and when but a half grown girl I insisted upon an operatic debut. Ullman at first objected to allowing me to appear in a leading role, for I would not hear of minor roles. I was but fifteen years of age, so figure a child." (You could not have been much smaller then you are now, I here remarked.) "Very well, I was really small and thinner, but I was thoroughly conversant with a number of parts and no idea of stage fright. Strakosch, who had great faith in me, persuaded Ullman, and in 1859 I stepped on the stage for the first time as *Lucia di Lammermoor*. *Rosina* in the Barber and the Sonnambula followed with equal success. The next year I sang in Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the Union. My career in Europe began at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. The rest you know."

II

At the beginning of the year 1863 Adelina Patti came to Vienna for the first time. I had little desire to become personally acquainted with her for she was said to have an unfriendly disposition. But after being asked a number of times by Strakosch, I called on her one morning. I still see her before me—the slight figure with the pale face. She wore a red woollen 'Garibaldi,' her hair was dressed in very simple fashion, and, reclining in an arm chair, she was fondling her pet dog Cora. All climbed I almost sadly, and Cora began to bark. I was soon on good terms with both—with the puppy because I fondled it, and with Adelina because I did not flatter her. She resided with her father, her brother in law and Louise, her faithful companion, in a cosy little private dwelling, and at that time she lived a very quiet and retired life. She was no friend of visits, receptions and soirees, and, besides Strakosch, who carefully watched her, fully agreed with her. Vienna was a half timid, half untamable 'child of nature'—a *sauvage*, as the French would say, good natured and extremely inclined to sudden but short bursts of passion, which were generally directed at her always gentle brother in law. She had not yet learned how to restrain herself and to be talkative and pleasant to persons indifferent to her—in which she was in after years a wonderfully clever adept. If now and then I came when the family were at dinner I was always made to take a seat at the table. After dinner—no *diva* ever ate plainer food—I had always to play a waltz of Strauss's or Lanner's, of which she was passionately fond, then she'd quickly push chairs and table aside. Strakosch took my place at the piano, and we danced up and down the room—a solitary, but therefore all the more delighted, couple. It was then very funny when the anxious Strakosch would suddenly entreat me to cease dancing. "For the Lord's sake don't dance, Lina, you've got to sing to night!" "That's my business" she exclaimed, laughing, told him to continue playing, and then waltzed away with child like gaiety. How often in after days she remembered those joyous, peaceful hours!

Then I also first observed her wonderful talent for acquiring languages. When but four weeks in Vienna she understood German, although she had never heard or read a word of German before.

I never found that she took the least interest in science, politics, religion or even literature. A book was always a piece of furniture very seldom to be found in her house. But we schoolmasters* cannot help trying to interest such charming persons in literature, and after many requests Adelina promised to read a "nice English novel." I brought her one of Dickens's novels, which begins with the story of an aged woman, who, forsaken by her bridegroom on her wedding day becomes insane, and in her rage she wears her bridal dress, sits down before the mouldy wedding cake and waits for her lover.

After a few days I asked Adelina how she liked the book. She answered excitedly that she had begun it but would under no consideration continue its perusal. "Why, they are nothing but lies, pure lies, which one couldn't get me to believe, it is not true, it is impossible that a woman will not part from her old wedding dress and her old wedding cake, and I am no the child to read such stuff—talk no more, please. I am no longer a child." I never tried to cultivate her literary taste again.

Patti made her debut in Vienna in the 'Sonnambula.' Of her first performance I wrote (in the *Freie Presse*) "Taking Patti's singing, acting and personality together one must admit that a more charming appearance has seldom been met with on the stage. We have heard greater artists in singing and more fascinating voices, we remember handsomer women and more brilliant actresses, but the success of Patti consists in immediately causing us to forget all rivals. What she gives is so entirely her own, so harmonious and so attractive, that one is quickly fascinated and even in a small degree dazzled. When the delicate girl hops on the stage, a smile on her childish, carelessly joyous face, and her large, bright eyes glance good naturedly at the audience, she has already won all hearts. Then she begins to sing and play, and the eye and the ear gladly say 'yes' at the hasty verdict of the heart. What a youthfully fresh voice easily moving in its wide compass of C to F above the line! This silvery, bright, real soprano sounds remarkably and distinct in the higher notes, the middle register has a tinge of sharpness, but which reminds of the keen freshness of morning and the lower notes are yet lacking in power. * * Her coloring is very remarkable and notably brilliant in runs and staccato passages."

Her most perfect personation was *Zerlina* ('Don Juan'). She was the ideal *Zerlina*, attracting us like a beautiful natural phenomenon, inexplicable, unconscious and perfect in itself. The highest and most decisive quality which Patti brings to this role, the only one almost which she uses, is *nature*. The entire performance is permeated by the inborn mirth of a purely toned soul, and the most natural and most characteristic grace. I need hardly add that she sings the music with literal correctness. It is in Rossini's 'Barber,' perhaps, in which her astounding *technique* is best displayed. At present she is the last and only singer fully possessing the tradition of the Rossini style of singing. As Lenz truly says, she is the Paganini of vocal virtuosity."

III

Patti left Vienna in the spring of 1863, and it was not until four years later that I saw her again. It was in Paris where I did not hear her sing any new parts. I soon observed her progress in a social point of view. She lived in an elegant house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, received plenty of visits, and gave some brilliant soirees which a number of distinguished people among others the artist Gustave Doré and the celebrated sportsman and leader of the *cotillion* at the Imperial Court, the Marquis de Caux. Both men were head over heels in love with Adelina, who treated both with equal cordiality, but without preferring or thinking of marrying one or the other. The intelligent efforts of the Marquis were finally successful and in 1868 they were married in London.

Who ever saw Adelina in the Marquis's society—either before or after the wedding—was quite sure that she did not marry him for love. She knew nothing of love and so she thought that she could marry without this, to her, unknown passion a man whom she held to be an "accomplished gentleman," and whom she knew as her most enthusiastic admirer. Treated as a queen, she was always welcome in aristocratic circles even before she became a Marquise but doubtless her child like mind was flattered by this title and the aristocratic connections of her husband.

IV

Accompanied by her husband Adelina Patti returned to Vienna in 1872, after an absence of nine years. Since then she has come back to us annually and every time we critics have been embarrassed in trying to say something new about this perfect artist. In addition to operas in which she had previously appeared, she now sang in the 'Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' 'The Huguenots,' 'Faust,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Linda,' 'L'Africaine,' 'Martha,' and 'Semiramide.' It was exceedingly pleasant to witness her progress as an artist. The homage paid to her all over Europe failed to dazzle her or to make her believe that she was an infallible *diva*. She had earnestly striven to attain artistic completeness and side by side with her fascinating individuality her art had opened to maturity. We were now bound to recognize in Patti the greatest of vocal artists. The beauty of her voice had increased considerably, and this was especially noticeable in the rich and beautiful lower notes that now reminded one of the dark tone coloring of a Cremona viola.

One of her finest performances of this period was the *Traviata*. But her *Violetta* has one fault, a fault which I would rather praise than blame—it is no 'Traviata,' no lady with the camellias. When with youthful joyousness she appears in the first act the camellias at her breast seem to turn into lilies. Her delivery of the first aria is like a rain of blossoms, and in the last act she utters the most pathetic tones. The only thing that disturbs me in this last act is the cough which Patti, like every other singer seems to think depicts consumption. But she, like the rest, cannot be made to believe that it is impossible for a consumptive to sing with a full voice.

Patti is very fond of singing two roles, in which her success cannot justly be compared to that achieved by her in other operas. These are *Valentine* ('Huguenots') and *Marguerite*. She does not perceive that they are beyond the limits of her dramatic power, and that they are not at all in accord with her individuality. *Juliet* in Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet,' forms a bridge over which she passes to these tragic parts. But in the first act of the latter work she furnishes such a complete masterpiece of song, and in the second so much that is graceful and beautiful, that one is easily tempted to overlook the lack of depth and passion apparent in the last part of the opera. But then her singing! Her delivery of the vocal waltz is in itself a wonder, perfect art united to the purest taste and the loveliest simplicity. Patti sings this piece, which most artists transpose one note lower, in the original key of G minor; the ease with which her voice commands the high register and touches the notes of A, B, C is as refreshing as a breezy morning. With exact adherence to the tempo, she still forms in her own way the rhythm, there is no dragging, and yet animation is apparent in even the softest vibrations. A companion masterpiece to the aria is Verzoni's waltz, sung by her in Donizetti's 'Linda,' in which she sings a trill of seventeen bars in one breath, laughingly, as if it were child's play. Another bit of wonderful vocalism is *Mireille's* aria in Gounod's opera of that name. The rapid staccato notes added by her to the close of the aria entirely in accordance with the rhythm constitute the highest perfection in the vocal art.

V

In March last Patti again came to Vienna this time without the Marquis. In order to quiet scandal loving tongues she lived in retirement, paid no visits and only received a few of her oldest acquaintances. She was not to be seen at the theatre or in any other public resort. She considered it an act of self sacrifice that she did not attend the performance of "Die Walkure," for she has recently become a Wagnerite. She was desirous of singing *Elsa* ('Lohengrin') in London, but De Caux, who hated the German composer, would not permit it. On the stage she was as lively and joyous as ever, but at home the old gayety forsook her, and as if standing between two shadows she brooded over her sad experience and an uncertain future. Our public did not permit her to feel the odium usually cast upon women by matrimonial dissensions, it gracefully ignored the Marquise and honored with full hearts and lusty throats, the artist, Adelina Patti.

A brilliant writer once described Italy as God's conservatory. In that conservatory Adelina Patti has certainly won the first prize.

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Macaulay said he got "joviality" from his mother, quiet Quakeress as she was, and sons, it is conceded on all hands, get much from their mothers. Perhaps the thing is noticed the more because the superficial mind would expect the daughters specifically to reproduce their mothers. Now, if sons draw so much from mothers, it surely becomes mothers to consider what sort of influences they will hand down, and what style of thought, feeling, and character they will perpetuate.

In the thought of God alone is sovereign strength and sacred calmness.

## GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

"The cause of education be hanged!" he muttered, as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his front teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothes line girted around his waist, his hat was ancient and easy, and his big flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean.

"That's what ails me!" he went on, as he pushed his toes in the wet sand. "I don't believe in a feller a'fling in and learning all there is to learn and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to be hog and try to learn all there is to learn."

After a minute he went on:

"Don't I know nuff now? Three times two are six, four times five are twenty and four and four are eight. That's as correct as I could get em if I went to school for a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell? C a t is 'cat' the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. H e n spells hen, and I know it as well as if I weighed a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and, after resuming his seat he went on:

"Jogerty kinder wrestles me down, but I don't go much on jogerty. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water or whether there aint any water within ten miles of it? S'pose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I? I'm going to keep a feed store, and when I'm rolling bales of hay around will I care about mountains and rivers? I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits and seas, and capes, but what's them to me? If a feller wants a bag o' oats, is he going to wait and ask me when the Island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and gloomily observed:

"The old folks are making ready to push me into school and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school, somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I git into a school house I'm nervous. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in this heel or this toe almost cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and crutch up and down the aisles. Or s'posin' I go home with palpitations of the heart? The old lady has had it, and I want more than get it into the house before she'll have me tucked up on the lounge, the camphor bottle down, current jelly and sponge cake in the distance, and she'll call out to the old gent:

"Father, it's no use of thinking of sending this boy to school. He looks stout and healthy but he's a mere bladder. The close atmosphere of the schoolroom will kill him before snow flies."

The boy rose up. There was a grin all over his face, and he chuckled:

"Palpitation is the key note! A sore toe can be seen—a palpitating heart is hidden away under hide and fat and ribs. Now then—cosh—woosh—um m m—hold yer breath, roll yer eyes, kick out yer left leg and make her bob around like jelly on a hot stove cover."

*From Fulman's Lecture on Curiosities*

## A CURIOSITY.

Great interest attaches to the first book in the English language printed in this country, usually called "The Bay Psalm Book" from Massachusetts Bay. A perfect copy was shown at the Caxton Memorial Exhibition. It is dated 1640 and now belongs to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and is believed to be the only copy in Europe. Here is a sample of the rhyme and rhetoric which satisfied our forefathers:

O blessed man, that in the advice
of wicked doth not walk
nor stand in sinners way, nor sit
in chayre of scornful folk,

2 But in the law of Jehovah
is his longing delight
and in his law doth he meditate
by day and eke by night,

3 And he shall be like a tree
planted by water rivers
that in his season yields his fruit
and his leafe never withers

4 And all he doth shall prosper well
the wicked are not so,
but they are like unto the chaffe
which winde drives to and fro

5 Therefore shall not ungodly men
rise to stand in the doome,
nor shall the sinners with the just
in their assemblance come

6 For of the righteous men the Lord
acknowledgeth the way
but the way of ungodly men
shall utterly decay

—*Psalm I*

## A CHINESE WEDDING IN NEVADA.

The Virginia City, Nev., Enterprise gives the following account of a mixed Chinese American Irish marriage ceremony performed in that place by Rev Father McGrath to two celestials Ah Wan and Nan Ying. "Ah Wan had some doubts regarding the holding powers of the 'Melican marriage ceremony and wanted the big Chinese god, Hin, invoked during the business as well as the American God and any other gods that a woman would be likely to be afraid of. He had just paid $400 in good American gold coin for his beloved, and he wanted the bonds such as would hold her like hoops of steel. It was for the purpose of ringing in his Chinese god Hin, that he brought the interpreter with him. The interpreter explained the Chinese part of the business to Father McGrath as well as he could, when that gentleman concluded to make a mixture of the two ceremonies.

"Sell and up here the pair of yees," commanded the reverend Irishman. "Join yer hands."

The man then took a strong grip on the woman's wrist and Father McGrath concluded that he could finish the ceremony in pigeon English without the assistance of an interpreter.

Said he: "Ah Wan, you likee this one piecee woman muchee good?"

"You bet," said Ah Wan.

"Nan Ying, you likee this one piece man, wao up good?"

"Me likee this piecee," said the gentle Nan Ying.

"Coom si to ye son top mi?" chipped in the interpreter.

"Si tong ye son toy chowee," said Nan Ying.

"She say she likee him all same o to brudder," said the interpreter.

"Ah Wan," said Father McGrath, "you niver catch no more woman but this one piecee, do ye moind that?"

"No more catchee," said Ah Wan.

"Nan Ying, you catchee no more man but Ah Wan, do ye onderstthand?"

"Nisoo tun fan h sum le pon tzu?" chipped in the interpreter.

"Mi ton wo," said Nan Ying.

"She say all righter," explained the interpreter. "Then, in the name of the Almighty and the great Hin, I callee you all samee one piecee meat—ye two are men and—"

"Hin Hin, my too, tsin chow toy!" yelled the interpreter as he let off a bunch of firecrackers.

"Man and wife—man and wife! Do you moind that, now?" cried Father McGrath, coughing the smoke of the crackers out of his throat.

"Hin, Hin, my toy!" cried the interpreter and all hands as they lighted some colored papers at the bunch of sputtering crackers.

"Hin, Hin, my toy!" shouted Father McGrath, "and if that don't make yer man and wife yer a pair o' tough cases."

Several Americans—ladies and gentlemen—witnessed this mixed ceremony. After it was over the new husband told those present of the difficulties of his courtship, saying that the man who owned the bride had insisted upon having $600 for her, but he finally got her for $400. He seemed to think he had made a great bargain.

UNTIMELY CRITICISM.—The story is told at the expense of a well known Westfield church member who had an earnest brother Christian visiting him the other day. The latter is not so demonstrative in his religious fervor as his host, and being asked the first morning of his visit to lead the family devotions he began an earnest appeal to the throne of grace, while the family kneeled around. The host's son, a lad of five years, fidgeted around on his knees for a minute or two and finally shouted, "Stop him, mother, stop him. He don't know nothing how to pray. Let father show him."—*Springfield Republican.*

A little boy of Des Moines, Ia., who writes to his "fren Jimmy" that he is going to run away from school and be an editor, thus closes his letter: "Tel yore sister Katy I don't hav nothin moar to do with that Jinks gurl, an I am troo to her. I wont git prowd and forgit her if I do be an edytur, nor you neether Jimmy, if yore fokes is pore an' ornery.

Yores Truley, Johnny."

City Missionary—"You never had no father as you know on, and you never go to school, and you never heard tell of the Bible? Now, let me ask you, sir, where do you expect to go to?" Small Boy—"Please, sir, I dunno, I've lost my way."

*Translated in the New York Times*

## ASLAUG'S WOOING.

**A Norse by Bjornstjerne Bjornson**

When Aslaug became a full grown girl, peace was gone on Husaby farm. The finest boys of the parish wrangled and fought there, night after night. It was worse on Saturday nights, but then old Junt Husaby went to bed with his leather breeches on and a birch club at his elbow. "Have I got a girl?" he said, "I shall know how to take care of her."

Tore Neset was only a squatter's son. There were people though who said that he came oftener to see the farmer's daughter on Husaby than any one else. Old Junt did not like this talk and said it was not true for he had never seen him there. But people smiled at one another and hinted that if he looked better into that corner where Aslaug sat, instead of squabbling with those who strutted on the open floor he would have found Tore.

Spring came, and when the cattle were driven upon the hills for grazing Aslaug followed to take care of them. Hot lay the day over the valley, but the cliff rose cool above the sun-smoke, and when from its top the cow bells tingled and the watch dog barked and Aslaug sang and played on the lur, how did the boys feel toiling in the meadows below! The first Saturday night they all took to the cliff, one faster than the other. But still more fast they came back, one after the other, just where the path turned the hammer. Some one stood and took hold of them, one by one as they came, and wheeled them downward, making his words well remembered, "If you choose to come again, you shall be still better served."

As far as people could understand, there was in the whole parish only one who had the proper hand for such a piece of work, and that one was Tore Neset. But all the rich farmers' sons thought it rather mean, that he, the squatter's son, should take his stand next to Aslaug Husaby.

The same thought also old Junt, when he heard it, and he thought further that if no one else could master that chap, he would try, and those sons of his. Junt had begun to grow old, but although he had passed the three score, he still liked to try a wrestling match with his oldest son when sometimes the company seemed to him to become sleepy.

Up to the Husaby grazing grounds there led only one pathway, and it started just in front of Husaby farm. Next Saturday evening when Tore intended to take this way and already felt a little more quick footed because he had cleared the stables, one rushed upon him and grasped him by the throat. "What do you want?" said Tore, and threw the other to the ground so it rang through his body. "That I shall tell you," said another, and gave him a blow from behind, it was the brother. "And here is a third," said old Junt, and clasped him around the waist.

Tore grew stronger with the danger, where he hit it was felt. And he was limber like a willow wand, he bowed and bent, where blows fell he was not, where blows were not expected he hit. But at last he was tumbled over matched and a sound thrashing he got though afterward old Junt said he had never had a finer lad to deal with. The three kept on till the blood came, then Husaby said stop and added shrewdly: "Now if next Saturday night you can cheat the old Husaby farmer and the cubs of his, you may have the lass."

Tore dragged himself along as best he could when he reached home he lay down. Much was spoken in the parish of that fight on Husaby farm but every one said: "What would he there?" But one was there, though who did not say so, and that was Aslaug. She had waited for him that Saturday night and when she heard of the fight between him and her father she sat down and cried, and said to herself: "If I cannot get Tore I shall not see another glad day in this world."

Tore was laid up for the whole Sunday and on Monday he felt that he must still keep the bed. Tuesday came, and what a fine day it was! It had rained during the night and the cliff was green afresh. The window was open and the smell of the foliage drifted in. Upon the cliff the cow bells tinkled and somebody was singing. Had it not been for his mother who sat in the room he would have cried!

On Wednesday he was still in bed but on Thursday he wondered whether he could not be all right till Saturday, and on Friday he was up. He remembered now the words which Junt had said: "If next Saturday night you can cheat the old Husaby bear and his cubs of his, you may have the lass." He looked away to Husaby farm time after time. "I don't think there will be any more beating," he said.

There led, as above mentioned, only one path way up to the Husaby grazing grounds but one who dared might get up it, though he did not go the beaten way. By rowing round a small land slip and mooring at the foot of the cliff one might get up, though the wall was so steep that it had seldom been trodden by the goat, who else is not very particular about her way.

Saturday came and Tore was out doors the whole day. Never was such a day! The sun played, so the woods danced and every now and then some one sang and called upon the cliff. He sat in front of the door when dusk came and dewy mist crept upward along the hill. He looked toward the cliff, all was quiet there. He looked toward Husaby farm and then he jumped into the boat and rowed around the slip.

Upon the cliff, before the hut, sat Aslaug, her day's work done. She thought that since Tore could not come, all the more would other people come, and she let loose the dog and strolled away. She sat where she could look down into the valley, but the fog stood the mist and somehow she did not like either to look down there just now. Then she moved away, and without any more thought she came and sat on the opposite side of the cliff, where she could look down over the Fjord. There came peace to her from the long view of the water.

While she was sitting there she thought she would like to sing, and she chose a song with long notes and burden, which floated far away into the calm evening. She found that she liked to hear herself sing and when she came to the end of the first verse, she began the second with louder voice. But when she had sung that verse it seemed to her as if somebody was answering from far below. "Dear me, what can that be?" she thought, stepped out on the uttermost ledge, and threw her arms around a tall birch tree which stood there and trembled over the abyss. She looked downward, but she saw nothing. The Fjord lay quietly asleep, not a bird was stirring. She sat down again and took up her song. But this time somebody answered with the same tune and much nearer. Aslaug sprang up and leaned once more over the ledge. Then she saw a boat moored at the foot of the cliff, but so far below that it looked like a nut shell. She drew the eyes upward and caught sight of a red cap climbing the naked wall. "Who can that be?" she asked, and made a long leap backward. She dared not answer for she knew full well who it was. She threw herself down on the green sward and took hold of the grass with both her hands, as if it were she who must not miss the grasp. The roots loosened, she shrieked, thrust her hands deeper into the sod, and prayed to God Almighty to help him. Then she felt that this was truly to try God, and could not be expected to be granted. "But only this one time!" she burst out, "help him, oh! only this one time." She clasped the dog as if it were Tore she would hold fast, rolled with it over the sward and thought that these minutes would never come to an end.

But suddenly the dog sprang up, started toward the ledge, wagged his tail, and barked, turned back to Aslaug, jumped with his four paws into her lap and barked, twisted round again barked with frantic restlessness, while a red cap arose above the ledge and Tore leaped to her bosom.

There he lay for a whole minute. Neither of them spoke and when they began to talk there was not much wit in what they said.

But old Junt, when he heard about it, said a word which was not unwitty. He threw his fist down on the table and thundered through the room: "There is might in that boy and the girl shall be his."

## THE SUNLIT EDEN OF THE PAST

Oh I dimly through the mists of years
That roll their dreary waves between
The gorgeous Sunset I and appears
Arrayed in hues of fadeless green
And from that far off sunny clime
Old half forgotten songs arise
And stealing o'er the waves of Time
The sweetly lingering music dies

As some bright island of the sea
Forever blooming—ever fair—
Though cold dark billows round the
Eternal sunshine hovers there,
Thus o'er the silent sea of years
Our eager longing looks are cast,
Where robed in fadeless spring appears
The Sunlit Eden of the Past

There Memory weaves her garlands green
Beside the lone hope haunted shore!
And musing mid the Arcadian scene
I wreathe flowers that bloom for us no more
Oh! hallowed clime! blest land of Love!
Sweet Paradise of early dreams!
Still through thy vales my fancy rove
Still bask beneath thy evening beams

And there they dwell—those cherished ones
With snow white brows and waving hair
I see them now—I hear their tones
Of sweetness sigh along the air
Hark! how their silvery voices ring
In cadence with the wind's low sigh
Not sweeter is the wind harp's string
That wakes at eve its melody

They call us see they wave their hands—
As by the mirage lifted high,
That clime in all its beauty stands
Against the forehead of the sky
With wreathed brows—with laugh and song,
With tender looks—hand clasped in hand
Within the haunted dear lost land

## CAMP MEETINGS YEARS AGO.

Ocean Grove is a Methodist camp ground on the sea shore, six miles from the fashionable resort of Long Branch. I have this summer visited a Congregational, a Presbyterian, and a Young Men's Christian Association camp ground, but they are mere imitations. They can't get the old fashioned Methodist ring and fervor. They don't understand how it is done. I used to enjoy camp meetings in my younger days—the camp scenes of twenty years ago—the rude seats, the preachers' stand with the preachers' shed just back, the small circle of tents, and the towering grove in whose shade they were pitched, the camp fires, the good coffee that steamed on the coals, the long tables with puncheon benches on either side, roofed above by a thatch of maple boughs, and covered by fried chicken and home cooked food the best that the notable housewives of that day could prepare. Strangers were invited and urged to accept of the hospitality of the brethren, none went away empty or sent away from those camp meetings, unless they persistently refused to partake of the food of kindness and the Bread of Life.

In Morgan county, near Jacksonville, there was a noted—perhaps the most noted in the State at that time—camp ground known as Robinson's. In the tents on that old ground were gathered every year the pioneers of Methodism, the men we call old settlers, and whose stories are now being jotted down to make the history of the State. But few of these old saints are left. Those who remain are white haired and of feeble step, yet mention "Robinson's camp ground," and their eyes brighten and their tongues are unloosed to recall the glorious meetings of that favored place. There in Christian fellowship were found every year Major Bush, now Chaplain of the Illinois penitentiary, Judge William Thomas, one of the foremost lawyers of Illinois, Nicolas Milburn (now deceased) father of the famous blind preacher, Ottoway Wilkinson and Brothers Lord, Stacy and Chamberlain. Cartwright was there and Father Stribling, and here Peter Akers preached his famous sermon on the resurrection when the whole congregation fell prostrate, as though the day of doom was upon them. At night in these camps the fitful glare of bonfires and the tiny spark of candles lit up the wilds, and the solemn preacher, and the golden straw about the mourners' bench where old men and children cried to God for mercy. Then resounded on the night in fervent chorus, the amens, and hallelujahs and the sound of many praying aloud shouting and praising God. Some penitents were strangely agitated, their limbs moved convulsively, the hair of their heads snapped like whipcords, they lay in violent convulsions or fell into death like trances.

At this camp ground it is said that the big hearted Richard Yates was convicted of sin, and was so told a friend that, had he not struggled against his convictions of duty at that time, he would have been a Methodist preacher, instead of the ambitious Governor of a great commonwealth. Some ludicrous as well as pathetic incidents are told of those days. One of the brethren who had very long limbs, was shouting aloud. Extending his giant arms he exclaimed: "Ah! I wish I could take the whole world in my arms at once." "Never mind, brother," encouragingly responded Cartwright, "you can take it in at twice." A woman who had climbed on a low limb of an old oak in order to see and make fun of the services was brought to the ground by a minister with a voice like the trump of Gabriel, who pointed his long forefinger at her and roared: "If the sister in the tree knew what a big hole there was in her stocking she would get down." The lady afterward sent him word that there was no hole in her stocking and that he was a liar. "If there had been no hole in the sister's stocking," drawled the preacher, "how could the sister have got her foot into it?" But all this talk is about camp meetings in Illinois. It has little to do with camp meetings in New Jersey. Those are scenes on the prairies, not on the sea shore, of old times not of new. The camp ground where I am to day is very different in every way from old Robinson's. The services appeal to the intellect as well as the heart. If as much as a stifled amen breaks from a brother's lips everybody looks at him. The hymns are all new, the meaning is similar, but the words and tune are changed. Some of the new gospel hymns are grand. Some frivolous. In old times there rolled in slow billows of sound from strong lungs in the wilderness—

Salvation's free for you and me
I'm glad salvation's free

Now, in a dancing, jingling measure voices cultivated, but not effective, sing:

I am so glad that Jesus loves me
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me
I am so glad that Jesus loves me
Jesus loves even me

I do not like that song. It is too light. It has a hop skip, and jump time. The new songs, the gas lamps, the hotels, the find cottages, the restaurants are very nice, but they have not the artistic and spiritual effect produced by camp fires and candles, family tables, rude tents and hearty hymns of the olden time.—*Chicago Times.*

Hans Christian Andersen, traveling along the Rhine, stopped at St Goir and inquired for the poet Freiligrath. He found the house, walked in, and greeted the poet sitting at his table busy with his papers. Said Andersen in his pleasant tones, I could not pass by without paying my respects to you." "That is kind of you," returned Freiligrath, coldly, somewhat annoyed at the intrusion and far from guessing who his visitor might be. "May I ask your name?" "We have one and the same friend, Chamisso," replied Andersen, quietly. The poet jumped up from his seat with a cry of joy, and exclaiming, "You are then Andersen!" threw his arms round his neck and hugged him to his heart. "You must stop here a few days," said Freiligrath presently. "My friends will want to see you—and you must learn to know my wife, for you were the incidental means of our being married." "Ah! that is nice—but how?" "Well, we had a correspondence about your book 'Only a Fiddler,' and that led to our getting fond of one another."

*From St Louis Journal*

## NEW POPULAR MUSIC

"Grease the Griddle, Birdie Darling," a beautiful new song and chorus by the author of "Bang my Scalp Locks O'er my Forehead," will have a greater run than any piece since "Darling, I am Growing old." The melody is simple and plaintive. Arranged for barber shop guitars and French harps, 35 cents.

Grease the griddle, Birdie darling—
Grease it o'er with lambient lard
Pour the buckwheat batter on it
From the bowl so brown and hard
And in order that the buckwheats
Be not scorched and burned sore,
Grease the griddle in profusion—
Grease the griddle, Birdie, dear."

This beautiful song may be obtained at all music stores.

Alexander Dumas, the elder, had many orders and decorations but cared so little for them that he used to nail them on the cabin door of his yacht. When he sold the yacht he let the decorations go with it, either through sheer carelessness or one of those intentional accidents which eccentric genius affects.

## SCIENTIFIC JUGGLERY.

We have often thought that if professional conjurers would substitute for such time honored tricks as making omelettes in hats and causing cards to appear and disappear, some of the wonder working performances of the electric current, they would succeed much better in mystifying, amusing, and perhaps instructing audiences.

Mr Heller, a clever magician now performing in this city, has a novel way of bringing the electric current to his aid where it would hardly be expected. For example, after borrowing a few watches he places them on a plate which he suspends by a bit of string to a little bar between two cords from the ceiling. Suddenly a flash comes from the bar, the string is burned, and plate and watches fall with a crash. The broken plate and ruined watches are restored by shooting them out of a gun, against a framed black square also suspended by cords from the ceiling, and here again the electric current actuates mechanism which causes the lightning like disappearance of an interposing screen. The current again works the hammer of a glass bell apparently suspended by a mere thread, but which accurately counts the number of spots on chosen cards. In electro music Mr Heller is an adept. He has a dozen or more drums which he heaps up on a kind of bureau in the middle of his stage. Then seating himself at his piano, at some distance away, he plays a lively air, to which the mysterious drums at first beat time, and then play a deafening accompaniment. Of magnets are at the bottom of the puzzle. The Heller orchestrion is a much more elaborate contrivance. It is a good sized parlor organ, provided with a supplemental keyboard, and surmounted with a bewildering mass of brass tubes and apparatus. An air performed is suddenly accompanied by a chime of large bells at the further end of the hall, then by small bells near by, then another organ near the ceiling issues notes like a flute, a chorus of sleigh bells in still another part of the hall joins in, the music imitates a storm, and a huge iron plate in another quarter rattles itself, while from a box near the ceiling issues the sound of falling rain. Finally two sharp explosions from miniature guns near the roof are heard, the lights are turned down, and on the organ appear revolving Geissler tubes flashing out green and blue light in the weirdest manner as the curtain shuts the magician and his instrument from view.

He also shows a number of other ingenious illusions, some of which depend upon remarkable automata, and many upon electrical action. Upon a simple trapeze suspended from a bar over his stage, he seats a doll dressed as a gymnast. The trapeze is set oscillating, and then upon for some ten minutes the doll goes through a series of performances the very variety of which baffles all theories as to how the figure is worked. The hands do not touch the trapeze bar, and the mechanism in the body is necessarily governed through the ropes and cross piece, but it is not so easy to explain how, in concluding, the figure lets go with its hands, throws a somersault and catches on its toes, continuing the swinging in that position. Another automaton is a peacock which cries, moves its head, and spreads its tail at the order of the conjurer. Still another is a doll which emerges from a box, seats itself on the edge, goes through many laughable antics and ends by smoking a pipe with a faith that smoke in the most natural manner.—*Scientific American.*

CONCERNING THE TELEPHONE.—Old Si had heard something about the telephone and endeavored to enlighten his friends:

"Now de convenshuns of man is wunderful!"

"What an' new improvement dat be folkes is laborin under now?" queried Pete.

"Well, yer's heerd tell of de tellegraf, what runs on de wire from pole ter pole an' takes de tiptop noshuns?"

"I se seed dat."

"Den you've heerd of de fonnygrafy dat jess nuberryps what I speaks, says out de spot by de crank, an' maks de fust print spells what de dp rocks an' talks all written book."

"Oh yes, dat's pretty, I raised it often too."

"Well, dis haint de lel nor jess like oner dem all wuss. Tellefone yer talk clumpin' dey yell, dey's go down; crawlin' ... de key vis."

"An wha' kind o' tellefone dat be?" he said.

"Why, yer jess g'es long ter seed er sister young wo'man down dah—yer picks dat up, talgs in de big end, an' de voice travels down dis lusself long de wire, an' dat folkes dat be 'e yes State heahs what yer says jess same ez el dey wuz in de cabin a-room wid de doth opin'."

"Aw, go 'way! You's talkin' ez ef yer thought we niggers done loos' all our gumpshun!"

"Hit's er bonified fack—hope ter die ef 'tain't. Dar ain't no hoodoo about dis bizness."

"Look heah, ole man, you wants ter go home an' hang er hoss shoe ovr yo' doo ter keep the witches from roostin' in em!"

"Dat's allus de way wid you niggers—nuffin' aint nobber done fer yer dat yer don't try ter go back on it!"

"How at' dat?"

"Kase dis heah tellefone is de prime spensashun ob Proverdence fer de inclusive benefit ob de cullud race. What's de use ob larn'-writin? What's de necessity ob skools an' univarsities? What's de vantiges of high-tone eddicashun when enny kinde nigger kin jess holler in der tellefone, agertate de wire, an' talk bizness wid enny ob de fokes outer town? Dot's what I wants ter kno' fum de 'sembly!"

The telephone was unanimously endorsed.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

*From the Boston Transcript*

## MAN

Wine issues only from the trodden grape,
And iron must be blistered into steel

God hath set him to his task
Fate and Freedom bid him fast
This would draw him to his home
That would drive him from his doom

Fate and Freedom sisters twain
These alternate serve or reign
As he sinks to realms of night
Or aspires to the light

He is happy who suspects
Opposites work like effects
Light alone would make us blind
Joy destroy the human mind

Nature paints her pictures fair,
By observing this with care
And distributes well her light
Into noon tide, even and night

Beauty's self was never born
Till the few drops of the morn
Decked the fields and woods anew
In the rainbow's every hue

He is happiest who knows
That the web of beauty grows
Out of bright and sombre threads
Which the skilful artist weds

Mead and mountain light and shade,
That's the way the world was made
Toil and triumph, joy and pain
Else the soul were made in vain

JUDGMENT INVITED ON THE EVIDENCE.—Hugo Richards tells a laughable story of two friends who were attacked by Indians in Arizona. They were both on mule back and the Indians right at their heels letting the arrows fly past them thick as a swarm of grasshoppers in Kansas. One of the mules could outrun the other and its rider became alarmed for the safety of his friend, who was spurring, whipping and yelling at the animal to urge it along but it could not keep up. The foremost man looked back, saw the peril of his friend, and in a frenzy, bordering on despair, sang out, "Joe, why don't you come along?" Joe, whose legs and hands were flying in the air like the like arms of a runaway windmill in a storm, could not let the opportunity pass, and as an arrow flitted by his ear, which, if possible, increased his exertions, he exclaimed, "Do I act like a man that was throwing off?"

SOME COMFORT.—They were two nice old ladies in good and regular standing in the orthodox Church. They prided themselves on the doctrines of the fathers, and they were talking of the current topic of the Indian Orchard council. Coming down to the main topic, one says: "About this eternal punishment—how long do you s'pose it really lasts?" "Well," said the other, "A plaguy long while—at least 1,000 years, I s'pose." "A thousand years," reflectively responded the second, "well that's a good deal better than nothing!"—*Springfield Republican.*

If you were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

## A WOMAN'S WISH

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck
And watch it coursing—in its hot fleas hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's whistles—Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast

Just to lie there filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard kept too long

And I am tired! so tired of rigid duty!
So tired of all my tired fingers find to do!
I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty
Its loose beads with no straight string running through!

Aye laugh if laugh you will at my crude speech—
But women sometimes die of such a greed,
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach
And the assurance they have all they need!

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Impatience is unbelief,—is denial of God, and unbelief is perdition—the very soul's misery.

My head to day is perfectly barren, and you will find me stupid enough, for a friend has been here and exchanged ideas.—*Heine.*

"Why is it, husband, that whenever we send for a pound of tea or coffee to the grocer, it falls two ounces short?" "Oh, it's just a *weigh* he has."

How is it that woman sees so readily that she loved but never can find out that she is loved no longer? This is a French question, of course.

When a clergyman remarked they were "to have a new in the new church," and old lady whispered that she "knew the party to whom he referred."

When a man returns home at night and kisses his wife with more than ordinary tenderness, she may be pretty certain that he has been in mischief.—*Joaquin Miller.*

Abbott says that the first sign of age is loneliness. This is what makes a young man go round the street at midnight singing, "Dear mother, I am growing old."

"Sir, he's out." "I don't believe it." "Sir, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

The Rev. Jeremiah Hallock once said to a young minister who complained of his small salary: "My young brother, perhaps it is all that Christ can afford to give you."

"God may have been in a just mood, but He was not in a merciful one, when, knowing that they were to be in the same world with men, He made women."—"*The Story of Avis.*"

If you want to spoil all that God gives you, if you want to be miserable yourself and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once.

With the growing rapidity and desperate uniformity of modern means of transportation, the taste for travel is less an impulse of curiosity than an itch to be moving. We no longer travel, we shift places.

A gentleman lately called upon Mr. Emerson, and introduced himself with the remark, "I hope I don't intrude." "That depends," said the philosopher, "upon how much we have in common."

In the prospectus of a "personally conducted tour" we read: "Time allowed to bathe in the Dead Sea if required and then go toward to Jordan taking lunch and rest on the margin of the sacred stream. Time allowed for bathing."

"Papa," asked a little six year old daughter of an uptown physician, "wasn't Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was, why do you ask?" "Because mamma said the other day she didn't think you had any of the patients of Job."

Saw a sign in a barber's window the other day, "Boots Blacked Inside." Couldn't for the life of us think why anybody wants the inside of his boots blacked. Should think it would ruin a fellow's stockings.

"Is Gov. Rice in?" inquired a seedy looking man of the clerk of the Brunswick, Boston, a few nights ago. "Yes," said the clerk, "yes, he is." "Well," said the man walking out, "I'm glad of it, it's a wet night, and he might catch cold if he was out."

Cooking parties are among the means by which society in Paris amuses itself. The ladies and gentlemen are paired off, and each pair has to cook a dish. The dishes thus cooked form the dinner. These parties are a sort of *so loces pic ni.*

You had better sail boldly on in almost any direction than lie without any direction at all. You had better sail in the maddest gale that ever troubled every sea of life than lie on the sea and lift with any wind that chooses to blow.—*Joaquin Miller.*

A recently made miniature of Schiller was brought to New York a few days ago and instantly purchased by a lady. The court sword always worn by Schiller on occasions of ceremony, is in the possession of Mr. Bayard Taylor, to whom it was given by Thackeray.

People are proud to condemn in others what they practice in themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf who peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed, "What a clamor they would have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet!"

Some one asked Heine: "Have you read B's new pamphlet?" "No, dear friend, I only read his great works: the three, four and five volume ones, sent me best." "Ah! you jest and mean something?" "Certainly, a great extent of water—a lake, sea, ocean—is a fine thing, but in a teaspoon I cannot stand it."

Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) is a well-preserved little gentleman of fifty five, with a thoroughly New England head and face and perfect breeding of manner. But for his sparkling eloquent eyes Mr. Mitchell might be taken for a Boston State street banker, or a college president or almost anything save the writer of romance and fond sentiment them.

It is told of Miss Kate Claxton, the actress, that partly at her instance, several years ago two of her aunts invested their little fortunes in Wall street through a broker who has since gone into bankruptcy. The total amount was $12,000 and this sum, with interest added, Miss Claxton has just returned to the two old ladies, who had been left penniless by the broker's failure.

He was a wild Texan just from the frontier, and had boarded the train at Fort Worth. It was his first ride on the "keers," and as the conductor reached in his hip pocket for his punch, the sharp eye of Texas caught a glimpse of his polished handle, and quick as thought he leveled a navy six on that conductor, saying: "Put er up, or I'll blow daylight through you! No man can get the drop on me."

Beauty is one of the divine things of life. No one can question this. The homage paid to it by all nations is one of the first fruits as it is the greatest motive power of civilization, and a nation without any perception of beauty or its correlative ugliness, would be wanting in one of the essential elements of humanity. It has inspired poets and artists, led great men to noble deeds, awakened that love which makes life god like, and preserved souls from falling into grossness, meanness and error.

Men may die without any opinions, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom, but if we be without love, what will all knowledge avail? I will not quarrel with you about opinions. Only see that your heart be right toward God, and that you know and love the Lord Jesus, and love your neighbors, and walk as your Master walked, and I ask no more. I am sick of opinions. Give me good and substantial religion, a humble, gentle love of God and man.—*John Wesley.*

There is something appalling at times to the dullest fancy in the inexorable nature of human speech. The word that has leaped from the lips has gone as the soul goes from the body, it has taken on the awful rebellion of a departed spirit, to recall it is like recalling the dead. A moment ago your friend was yours to have and to hold, to kiss to clasp. Now, whose is he? and what? and where? An instant past your thought was your slave, mute, subservient, safe, now it defies you.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her "Story of Avis."*

A SEAL KILLS A HUGE STURGEON.—Passengers on the 10 o'clock boat from Oakland this morning witnessed a strange sight—a deadly combat between a huge Sturgeon and an enormous seal. The seal made frantic efforts to seize the sturgeon, and the latter made desperate efforts to stun its assailant with terrific blows from its tail. For a moment the seal would seem to be placed hors du combat, but the next it would be almost on top of the sturgeon. Avoiding the attack, the sturgeon would again administer another fearful blow with its tail and endeavor once more to escape. The struggle did not last long. The seal, smarting under the blows inflicted, seized the tail just as it was about to descend on his nose, and with his sharp teeth took off about two inches. Deprived of its only weapon, the sturgeon was at the mercy of its enemy and was quickly devoured. During the battle the water became dyed with blood for yards around, and flocks of sea gulls hovered over the scene of action.—*San Francisco Post.*

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# Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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**Thursday, February 28, 1878.**

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3—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

—The stories about drunkenness in the Senate during the late night session are denied.

—Ex-Senator Ben Wade has been growing steadily worse since Saturday. His recovery is considered very doubtful.

—Mr. Moody continues his severe denunciations of the people who try to help the church with oyster suppers, fairs, amateur theatricals, and the circus business generally.

—In the United States Senate Tuesday, Mr. Ferry, of Michigan, was elected President *pro tempore*, in the absence of the Vice President, by a vote of 29 to 28. Mr. Davis of Illinois, voted with the Democrats for Mr. Thurman.

—The President informed the Cabinet Tuesday that he would veto the silver bill. Three of the Cabinet, Evarts, Schurz and Devens, approved. Messrs. McCrary and Thompson favored signing the bill and Mr. Sherman was undecided.

—The President, Tuesday, nominated Alanson W. Beard to be Collector of Customs at Boston, Mass. The nomination was recommended by Senators Hoar and Dawes, and Representative Claflin. Mr. Beard is a wholesale clothier. In 1870 he was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts and three years ago Chairman of the Republican Committee of that State.

—General Garfield has been invited by the Republicans of New Hampshire to stump that State, particularly covering the ground heretofore canvassed by Wm. E. Chandler. He has accepted the invitation and will leave for New Hampshire next week if the Ways and Means Committee get through with the Tariff bill. The special object of his being invited is to reply to the Chandler letters.

—Army officers at Omaha anticipate a certain campaign against the Indians, beginning early next month. Crook will probably head the forces about 3,000 strong, after deductions for sickness and garrison and special duty, while Sitting Bull with 7,000 discontented Indians will be in the field against him. By way of allies, however, the whites will have some 1,200 Arapahoes besides Utes, Shoshones and loyal Sioux.

—The New Jersey Legislature evidently thinks that the times demand a little stringent legislation calculated to keep executors, administrators, trustees and guardians honest. A bill has been introduced providing for the fine and imprisonment of those who shall fraudulently convert any money or goods held by them in trust for the benefit of estates or of wards. Such a law seems to be specially necessary for the protection of women and minor children where estates, in this age of speculation, are not seldom devoured by untrustworthy agents or attorneys.

—A correspondent from Bristol writing to the Philadelphia *Press* has the following to say about election matters here:

"A significant feature of our election on Tuesday last was the large vote polled for a woman as school director. This was a direct issue, there being but one director to elect for a short term of two years and for which place the lady was nominated by the Labor Reform party, and ratified by the Republicans. The Democrats nominated one of their best men, and one who would carry a large vote by reason of his personal popularity. The vote polled for the woman candidate was 386 and for the Democratic nominee, 292, scattering, 54, giving the lady a majority of the whole of 18, and over the highest opponent of 91. Her vote was also 14 in excess of the highest vote polled for any of the remaining forty-two candidates for the various offices. This is certainly a wonderful achievement for a conservative old place like this."

—A largely attended meeting of the merchants, manufacturers, shippers, bankers, mechanics and business men of Philadelphia, was held Tuesday evening in the Board of Trade rooms, Mercantile Library building, to take action in relation to the Tariff bill now before Congress, and to adopt measures looking to the protection of American industry. Mr. E. C. Knight was called to the chair and Mr. A. P. Colesberry acted as secretary.

Mr. Colesberry, after reading the call of the meeting, said, that after having heard an expression of opinion adverse to this bill on the part of at least fifty merchants and manufacturers, and it having been thought that as Philadelphia was the greatest manufacturing city in the United States, it should take some action relative to the Tariff bill, merchants of Philadelphia do not want it thrown in the teeth of their Congressmen that this great city has taken no action on the bill, therefore this meeting was called preliminary to be held protesting against the proposed measure.

General Robert Patterson, having obtained permission offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee of fifty be appointed by the chair to take such action as to them may seem desirable, to protect the industries affected by the Tariff bill now before Congress, said committee to have power to act and to fill vacancies.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Colesberry explained the necessity that existed for having a monster mass meeting held in Philadelphia to protest against this bill.

Mr. L. C. Madeira offered the following which was adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The contemplated change or modification of the present Tariff laws is injurious to business enterprise, producing a state of uncertainty as to the future, destructive to returning confidence which is so desirable to our mercantile and manufacturing interests, keeping capital idle which would otherwise be employed in giving labor to our working men;

Resolved, That, as the opinion and belief of this meeting, it is unwise, injurious and detrimental to the best interests of the country generally to disturb or make at this time any changes in the Tariff laws.

Resolved, That we condemn and are opposed to what is known as the Wood Tariff bill now before Congress.

Resolved, That these resolutions be referred to the Committee of Fifty, to give them proper effect before Congress.

Resolved, That all resolutions after debate be referred to the Committee of Fifty.

The chair announced the committee of fifty and Mr. Wharton read the memorial of the Industrial League, which is to be presented to Congress. The memorial was indorsed, after which the meeting adjourned, with the understanding that the Committee will meet on next Monday evening.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

## LEGISLATIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 26th, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Your Harrisburg correspondent owes you and your readers an humble apology for his neglect of the past two weeks. It was owing to circumstances over which he had no control. With a faithful promise that his letters whether good, bad or indifferent in your estimation, shall not again be among the missing, he resumes the broken thread of legislation. The sessions of the past two weeks have been dull and uninteresting. Last week no session was held until Wednesday evening. The calendar of bills on first reading was then taken up in the House, and over one hundred bills were read. The absence of a quorum in the Senate prevented that branch of the Legislature from holding any session until Thursday morning.

In the House on Friday, the whole session was consumed with the consideration of original resolutions which made it quite lively for awhile. A summary of Friday's work is as follows:

Mr. Schaffer, of Allegheny, desired to prohibit bills from being read in place in the House after the 1st of March. This the House refused to direct. Then Mr. Heller, of Lehigh, asked and obtained the consent of the House to granting the use of their hall to the Hon. Adam Woolever to deliver his far famed lecture on the enfranchisement of women. The request was granted, and to-night the Hon. Adam is holding forth to a crowded house, and his remarks are being received with tears of joy. But to resume our Friday's work. Mr. Faunce, of Philadelphia, wanted the House to adjourn finally on April 10th, but his resolution was sent to the Committee on Ways and Means, and the genial John is confident that there is no way or means by which he can get it out again.

Mr. Schell desired a change in the rules of the House, so as to prevent members from retaining their seats ... standing in their places until their names are called and recorded. This is intended to prevent a fraudulent count, and was accordingly laid over for future consideration.

Mr. Hahn, of Philadelphia, adorning himself in his old centennial war paint, came forward with a resolution, which the House adopted, and which the Senate to-day sent to the General Committee, calling upon Congress to come to the aid of the Centennial authorities with an appropriation of one million of dollars.

Being the birthday of the "Father of his Country," Mr. Yerkes wanted the House to adjourn five minutes before the regular time out of respect to the said F. O. H. C., but as this Legislature seems to have but very little respect for anything connected with the good of the country, it didn't adjourn even five minutes.

The Senate has passed a resolution to adjourn *sine die* on March 28th, but the resolution upon being messaged to the House was laid to rest in committee along side of Faunce's 10th of April resolution.

Yesterday evening the Senate held a session of about ten minutes, passed several bills on third reading, and adjourned.

In the House Mr. Souder, of Philadelphia, from the committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Harry O'Neill, the member from the Fourth district of Philadelphia, reported appropriate resolutions which after appropriate speeches by Messrs. Souder, Hahn, Long and Zane, were unanimously adopted. The House then adjourned without doing any business, out of respect to the memory of the deceased member. At the close of this session the estimable F. N. ... who was present in the lobby, was called upon for a speech, and responding he entertained the members for half an hour or more. He gave some home thrusts in a political nature to both sides of the House which were much enjoyed.

To-day has been marked with little of importance in legislation excepting the temporary defeat of the Philadelphia Recorder's bill. It fell in the House for want of a constitutional vote—the yeas were 91 and the nays 77. The political admixture in the vote was somewhat of a surprise. Among the yeas were seven Democrats, mostly from Philadelphia, while among the nays were sixteen Republicans. This bill will be taken up again in the House when that number—in which safety lies—is present. J.

—The United States ship Constitution sailed Tuesday at noon, from Walnut Street Wharf for Havre, with goods for the Paris Exposition. Long before the hour announced for her sailing Delaware avenue, from Chestnut to Walnut was densely packed with people, and it finally became necessary for a squad of policemen, under Lieutenant ..., to entirely clear the street so that vehicles might have a thoroughfare.

Many persons, in order to secure a glance at the departing ship, perched themselves on the roofs of buildings in the vicinity and upon vessels in the river. In addition to the guard of marines on the wharf a detail of reserve policemen were also present to prevent unauthorized persons from interfering with the work of those employed on the pier. Previous to the sailing of the ship Tuesday morning none but those duly authorized were permitted to visit her.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Commissioner General McCormick, accompanied by Mr. George W. Childs and General W. W. H. Davis, Honorary Commissioners from Pennsylvania to the Paris Exposition, Lieut. Alexander Rodgers, who will represent the United States Army at the Exposition, Lieut. B. H. Buckingham, who will represent the United States Navy, Dr. J. A. Tonner, Commissioner from Arizona, and Mr. Alonzo Shotwell, Master of Transportation, under whose direction all goods were shipped on the Constitution, paid an official visit to the vessel, and were received by the commander Captain Oscar C. Badger, U. S. N., and other officers of the ship.

Remarks were also made by Gen. W. W. H. Davis, Henry Armitt Brown, Count Dassi and Postmaster Snowden, and Mr. William Ethelbert Lastly, of London, related a story. Captain Badger in response to a toast, heartily thanked those present for the interest they took in the safe passage of the ship, and trusted that the American exhibits under his charge would reach France in a condition satisfactory to all concerned.

The tug boat then turned her prow towards the city, and on leaving the Constitution the sailors on board the latter ran up the shrouds and gave three hearty cheers, while the officers waved their caps from the gang way and quarter deck. The flag was also dipped, and amid cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the Stokley steamed up to the city. The Constitution was towed down to the Breakwater yesterday morning and from thence will proceed on her voyage.

—Townsend Harris, ex-United States Consul General to Japan, died in New York on Monday last, aged 75 years. Mr. Harris was born at Sandy Hill, Washington county, N. Y., and was trained for a commercial life. For many years he was engaged in mercantile business in New York city, during which time, as President of the Board of Education, he was chiefly instrumental in establishing the New York Free Academy. In 1848 Mr. Harris purchased and freighted a ship, and sailed for California, and afterwards passed several years of travel among ports on the Pacific Ocean. In 1854 he was in China, when he was made United States Consul at Ning-po. In 1865 he returned to New York on a visit, and while there he was appointed Consul General to Japan and commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Emperor of Siam.

—The Odd Fellows of Minnesota have bought three townships in Watonwan county, of that State, in which there is room for 351 families to settle. Every member of the order in the United States is entitled to share in the purchase.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 25, 1878.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Both Houses adjourned on Thursday till to-day, and are busily engaged as usual on Mondays, receiving hundreds of bills. On Thursday the Senate exhausted itself over the President's nominations, and the House had glory enough in passing the Silver Bill, hence the desire not to labor on Friday and Saturday, as well as on Sunday. Besides the 22d had to be observed, yet the day was turned over to the temperance people, who, with fife and drum, martial bands, flying banners, and long processions, took possession of four streets, and of the White House, too, in as much as the President reviewed their columns as they marched with hearty cheers in front of its portico. The weather was beautiful, permitting full display of pageantry.

During the week the two national associations the Agricultural Congress and Forestry Association have met here, and after several days interesting discussion, adjourned to meet in New Haven, Conn., next August. They discussed all subjects pertaining to their respective domains, the Agricultural Congress, particularly, having a wide field, treated upon tariff, railroads, government land system, and a dozen kindred political subjects in which Agriculturists are more or less deeply concerned. These meetings were quite interesting, and excited no little desire on the part of our citizens to participate.

The vexed Louisiana embroglio came up in the House, and, of course, provoked acrimonious debate to the exclusion of other matters, even of silver. The contested election case of Acklen vs. Darrall, of the 3d Louisiana district, was called up by Mr. Harris, of Va., who advocated the seating of Acklen, on the ground that Darrall received fraudulent certificates through the Wells Anderson returning board, and this charge, of course, reopened the Presidential ... with ... sides.

The galleries were crowded on Tuesday and Wednesday by those who desired to hear the discussion of the silver bill in the House, and those who have been bored nearly to death by the apparently never ending waste of breath upon the Returning Board muddle, can appreciate the disgust of the visitors to the Capitol over the renewed discussion of this matter. Mr. Stephens, of Ga., announced that he would move to concur in the Senate amendments, and the applause greeting his remarks showed clearly, that even among the members, there was a strong desire to dispose of the Silver Bill. But the mud slingers had the floor, and right well did they use their power. It may be well for our legislators to re-open these old sores—the fruit of our bad system of electing Presidents—and at a cost of thousands of dollars to the country, spend days in calling each other names, but we are unable to perceive the good accomplished in so doing, and heartily wish we may have no more of it this Congress.

The Senate has passed the bill giving pensions to the surviving soldiers of the war of 1812 and the widows of that war without regard to date of marriage. All those dropped from the rolls for disloyalty, are restored, hence the Bill is of sweeping nature in contrast with the law which it amends. The vote upon it in the Senate is simply surprising—50 ayes and 8 nays, is an astonishing difference, and taken in connection with the debate indicates that our Solons are inclined to wipe out all sectionalism, and to remove such laws as discriminates against this class. Under the present law a widow of an 1812 soldier must have married him prior to 1815, a provision so clearly wrong in its nature that we were not surprised to hear Mr. Blaine and others taking ground against it. One Senator said the wife who took care of an old soldier was as much entitled to a pension as she who married him in his youth. Mr. Edmunds found himself, as he often does, fighting against a bill without a corporal's guard, but it doesn't seem to make any difference with him, as he deals out his logic and precedent as freely as if he had the whole Senate to back him. The House, of course, will pass the bill without delay, as the sentiment there in favor of its provisions is very strong and as few will be found to oppose it as the seven which voted "no" with Mr. Edmunds in the Senate. The old law wronged the minor who served in the war of 1812. His youth precluded marriage and yet he was forced to hold his pension until he had been an adult. Why then bar his widow who married him shortly after his muster out? Such was the case with your writer's mother and therefore our deep interest in this Senate measure may be appreciated. Pension is more a recognition of service than provision for bread, and if so, why has the widow who married in 1814 a preference over her whose marriage occurred in 1818?

Contrary to the wishes of the extreme silver men the House made short work of the Silver Bill when they reached it, and have made it a law by such strength that we take it for granted that the end is reached in the way of discussion. We have grown so wearied with the prolonged debate that, though we are gold standard, believe we feel like jollifying over the result. No one doubted at the outset that the Senate amended bill would substantially pass, and the weeks of debate have been to us at least most trying punishment. Mr. Stephens took the equitable ground of compromise of individual belief, and that is just what our dignified Senators could have done weeks ago, and not have bored us with such long winded orations.

As they have restored the franking privilege, we presume the country will now be flooded with their speeches, which, with rare exceptions were delivered in the Senate to empty benches.

Another round in favor of the woman's rights. Ben Butler carried through the House Mrs. Lockwood's bill permitting women to practice in the Supreme Court, and though it is quite likely the measure will be strangled in the Senate Judiciary Committee, yet it is a victory that such strong recognition should have been obtained in the House. Mrs. Lockwood and her sister workers are pertinacious and it is only a question of a few years until they can plead law here on an equal footing with men. Then, what?

Commissioner of Pensions Bentley is trying to secure the passage of a bill which entirely changes our present system of examinations for pensions. Now every county has a surgeon appointed to examine all applicants for pensions. But Mr. Bentley proposes to substitute a travelling board, who will apportion the country into districts, and then compel applicants to appear before it. We scout his insinuations that our present examiners are untrustworthy and denounce his scheme as a fraud. What guaranty have we that a Bentley ring will be composed of honest men? His claims, as to economical results, are entirely baseless, and we reject his scheme as an insult to such as have ten grains of common sense in their brains. D. D.

—James Gordon Bennett has purchased the Arctic vessel Pandora, and on Monday Senator Conkling presented a memorial to the Senate from Mr. Bennett asking that a bill may be passed through Congress authorizing the transfer of the Pandora to the United States flag, the change of her name should the memorialist deem it desirable, and that she may be commanded and officered by United States naval officers and be subject to United States naval rule and discipline, and that the President be empowered by Congress to confer such additional authority upon the commanding officer that he may be enabled in his isolated position to enforce discipline in cases of extreme emergency, and further, that the United States Government may be authorized by your honorable bodies to give its aid and countenance to the enterprise and to afford such assistance as may appear advisable.

## A HORRIBLE DEATH.

### A Miller Whirled Around a Swift-Moving Shaft for Fifteen Minutes.

The Ithica (N. Y.) *Journal* says: Mr. Theodore Robinson, of Lansing, died this morning from injuries received yesterday. Mr. Robinson was engaged in his father's grist-mill, near Asbury Church, and yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, while attending to his duties, his clothing became entangled in an upright shaft running at the rate of 160 revolutions a minute. A man named Charles Humphries, who was in another part of the mill, heard Robinson's cries of pain as he was whirled about by the awful power that held him in its cruel grip, and rushed to him and endeavored to extricate the form that was fast losing human shape. In his attempts to release Robinson, Humphries had his left leg broken by a blow from the boot of the whirling man, and the sickening race was continued nearly fifteen minutes before the water was shut off and the great wheel stopped. The mangled body of the miller was then conveyed to a house some rods distant from the scene of the accident and tenderly cared for. Notwithstanding the poor man must have been thrashed around in that fearful manner at least many thousand times, life did not leave the broken and limp body until five o'clock this morning. The force with which the shaft whirled its victim may be fairly imagined by the marks made in the work bench by his boots as they struck it from time to time. There are at least sixty indentures in the wood that look as though they had been made with a heavy blow from a hammer. The clothing was stripped into ribbons, which wound about the man and held him fast to the shaft so that no force could get him loose until after the machinery was stopped. The boots, heavy and strong, were ripped and torn to pieces in what seemed to be a minute after Robinson got in the shaft. The deceased was a single man about 21 years old, the son of Mr. Robinson, of South Lansing ... lamented by the residents of that town.

A LYNCHER CONVICTED.—A curious story comes from Iowa. In January, 1860, two brothers named Bunker were arrested in Black Hawk county, in that State, on a charge of horse stealing. They were members of an organized band of horse thieves, whose depredations had been numerous in Polk and Hardin counties. Leonard Small and one Clingman were among those who had suffered losses at the hands of the gang, and having been duly authorized under the law, they apprehended the brothers in Waterloo and started to bring them back to Polk county. The prisoners had often been captured before but had always contrived to escape, and the general understanding seems to have been throughout that section of the country that when they should be again caught they would be lynched. However, Small and Clingman did not harm their prisoners until it was suggested, while crossing Tama county, that one of the brothers should be forced to confess and tell where the stolen horses were. He was accordingly strung up to a tree, but while the officers of the law were intent upon this business the unsuspended Bunker made it a good time to go, and attempted to escape. Leaving the first dangling in the air, the two guardians ran after him and fleeted his recapture after a long chase. When they came back they found the first Bunker, whom they seem to have forgotten in the excitement, dead. Then, either to make a clean job of it or to conceal the whole proceeding, they hanged the other one and returned to their homes without any satisfactory explanation of what had become of their charges, who were found dangling from the trees a few days afterwards. Small and Clingman disappeared, and the latter has not been heard of since. Small wandered about the Western territories until about two years ago when relying upon the lapse of time and the sympathy of the people in whose cause he had partly acted, he returned to Polk county and settled down upon a farm. The sheriff however of Tama county appeared and arrested him, but he was rescued by a party of friends before the officer had got fifteen miles from Des Moines. He was subsequently re-arrested and put under bonds, but when the case came up last Wednesday at Toledo, the seat of Tama county, a verdict of murder in the first degree was rendered after a trial that lasted only half a day. Capital punishment is not administered under Iowa law and as a new trial will probably be granted Small's case is not as desperate as would appear at first sight.

HEATING A CITY BY STEAM.—The experiment of heating Lockport, New York, by steam, under the Holly system, has proved highly successful. The following practical results are reported by those having it in charge. Three miles of pipe properly covered with non-conducting material, laid underground through some of the principal streets, radiates from a central boiler house and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public school building, have been thoroughly warmed all winter by steam thus distributed, and turned on or off as required by the tenant with the facility of water or gas supply. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam meters are provided, so that each party need pay only for what he consumes. It is claimed that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds pressure transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power for engines and manufactories, and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing conflagrations, for clearing streets of ice or snow or protecting hydrants from frost. The rates actually charged to the consumers here do not exceed what his coal and wood cost him to produce the same result, thus saving the expense of engineers or firemen, the cost of furnaces, and the trouble of managing them. At the same time the heat is always under control.

—There is a velocipedestrian in Colorado who ought to be at once suppressed. He has constructed a velocipede adapted to travel on railroads. He gets fifteen miles an hour out of this machine, and when last heard from he was altering his gauge to fit that of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. He carries time tables of all the trains in his pocket, and affirms that he has not the least fear of being smashed. So he takes his life in his hands, or rather in his legs, and proposes to travel to Texas upon his wooden horse. Some day, perhaps, when he is least expecting it and has not looked often enough at his time table, a yelling and whistling and screeching locomotive with a train behind it will swoop down on him and reduce him to small pieces, and his carriage to kindling wood. This might be all well enough if the damage were confined to himself, but one can not help thinking of the passengers on the train.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—This fact of ambition is told concerning the early days of Senator Kellogg at South Hadley. He belonged to a militia company, many members of which had become very tired of drilling. Various plans were suggested of getting rid of the duty, and finally the suggestion of Kellogg's, that everybody chosen to office at the approaching election should decline, was thought to be apposite. But when the time came, and nearly everybody had refused the captaincy, and Kellogg had been chosen, he very coolly accepted the "unexpected honor" with thanks.

—Father Secchi, whose death is just announced, was a hard worker in the newest field of astronomical research—the analysis by means of the spectrum of the light of the stars. His name will always rank high among the pioneers in spectrum research, and he was especially successful in classifying stars by their light, so as to determine which are probably young, and which are beginning to be burned out.

## THE ROD AND THE GUN.

### Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

We are indebted to John C. Stackett, Esq., for a copy of Senate Bill No. 63, as amended upon second reading. The bill may pass finally in the Senate, but there is every probability of its defeat in the House. Under its provisions the open season for grouse, quail, turkey and rabbits is made uniform, viz: October 15 to January 1. The open season for squirrels is fixed at Sept. 1, and for woodcock July 4. The sections relating to fish are a sort of hash, amounting to little. The bill is open to further amendments in the Senate, and may perhaps be defeated in the House. The Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club is the main supporter of the bill. As that club contains all the law breakers in the eastern district of Pennsylvania it should of course be the law maker for the country cousins.

The friendly "good bye" heard as one leaves the threshold after a morning call or parts with an acquaintance on the street, loses through mere repetition its true significance. A wave of the hand or an inclination of the head would often imply all that is expressed by the phrase, but when friend parts with friend prior to a perilous journey or a prolonged absence the word obtains its full meaning. It then becomes "God be with you," and the spirit which gives utterance to the prayer throws into it a force that dwarfs and overwhelms the ordinary expression. Thus do we use the term in parting with the tried friend and companion of many a hunting trip, who leaves us on the morrow for the shores of southern California.

God be with you! Whether buffeting the waves of the Atlantic, as boisterous March gales sweep by, traversing the Pacific from Panama to San Francisco, or amid the balmy breezes of Santa Barbara. *Bon voyage*, comrade, and a safe return.

### Collecting Salmon Ova in England.

Salmon egg collecting is one of the most difficult—and I may say dangerous—tasks that fall to my lot, nevertheless, I have gone at it once more. The government authorities of New Zealand having expressed by telegram to Sir Julius Vogel, agent general in London, their desire to have a further consignment of salmon ova sent them this spawning season, I told Sir Julius that I would do my best for them, though it was late—very late—this year to hope for much success.

The ship chosen to take the eggs is the Chimborazo, a big steamer, sailing from London direct to Melbourne, the eggs to be transhipped to New Zealand. The Chimborazo is to leave the port of London on Jan. 21. I pass over for the present the various arrangements made by my friend Mr. Youl for packing the eggs in the ice, and proceed to relate my adventures since last Monday.

In the collection of salmon eggs as in every other matter the great rule is to "take for granted you will find nothing anywhere." Before I go fully prepared for all eventualities. It is a difficult task and requires the forethought of many previous days to get spawning fish. ... On this occasion I took with me on loan, ... trammel and two small trammel nets. 2. Two landing nets of gigantic size, other smaller ... viz: one big sieve ... two egg cans. 4. Box of bottles for eggs. 5. Ten wooden boxes to pack the eggs by the river side. 6. Two sacks of sphagnum moss. 7. Glass catches to pick up the eggs and a glass containing just one the said eggs. 8. Coil of thin rope and string. 9. Lady's work travelling basket for holding live salmon. 10. Wading trousers under my own ... dress. 11. Ordinary luggage. Thus equipped I started on Monday last for Newcastle, rode all the way in the train of course. Arrived at Newcastle, took train to Chollerford, where my friend Mr. Robert Ridley, Chairman of North Tyne Commit... ... The next morning a drive of eleven miles to Billingham, and thence by train to Redesmouth. We dressed ourselves in the station, and proceeded to find the head of the Tyne salmon watchers, Sergeant Harbottle, the water bailiffs and his man Mr. Edon, who had gone on before us. ... the main river of the North Tyne was too heavy to net. ... Harbottle had judiciously made his first shot in the River Rede just above her junction with North Tyne. He had marked several pairs of spawners down on this bed and hoped to get the lot to me. Ridley and I came up just in time to see our assistants with very long faces. It appears that they had, though the water was then running rapidly, got the net across and some fish in her. Just as they were bringing her round she caught on a rock, and immediately folded ... over corks. Just at that moment there came a heavy spate from above. The men on the bank could not hold the net and she straightened herself out beautifully, letting every fish in the net, of course, escape. Mr. Edon, however, managed to secure three half spawned fish, from which he got a few eggs. We then packed up the wet nets on to a cart marched off to a shallow in the North Tyne about a mile above where we thought we might have luck. During our walk there a regular Winter's storm came on, the telegraph wires sung out their music as if laughing at us, and away far in the north was a great jet black, angry looking cloud, showing that a heavy storm was gathering upon the moors and great hill that separated England from Scotland. We had no time to loose as we knew the rain from this cloud would soon send North Tyne down in a heavy spate. Turning off the the highway we passed down a hill to the river bank, and then the cart with nets etc., went across the river and I waded over—not very pleasant work in a rapid, rising river, with great, rolling slippery boulders under ones feet. However we got to the island, and determined to fish the stream on the other side of it. There was great difficulty in getting the net across the stream, it was so rapid. At last Harbottle and six men got her over, and then beginning some sixty yards above the trammel was run down stream to her. Great was the excitement when we quickly perceived from the bobbing of the corks that the fish on the spawning bed were meshed in the trammel. She's a beautiful net is my trammel, though some find fault with her. She's like birdlime to a fish; let her once touch a fish's fin and she has the rest of him pretty quickly. Down came the trammel right on to the net below in true orthodox style. Round with them both on to the bank. Three fish. Instantly I was on to them as they kick about in the water. First, male, second, female, third male. The males fine big fish with red coats on them, as though they were going to a horse guards' parade, and beaks on the lower jaw enough to frighten one. The female, alas! had not an egg in her, all done spawning long ago.

While I examined these fish the river spared us not, and I observed that a bank of pebbles on which I had been picking eggs was covered with water. We were all, therefore, only too anxious to be off as a long stay on a desolate island for a Winter's night, in the middle of the North Tyne, was not a pleasant prospect. Several of the party, therefore, got into the cart, the more the safer, as the cart would be heavier in the stream, and less likely to to tip over. As I was waterproofed up to my neck, I walked behind in the water, holding the cart tail with one hand, the precious egg-can with the other. The man whipped up the horse, and he managed to drag his heavy load across the river, the old cart (up already over the axles in water) rolling about like a ship at sea as the wheels tipped up over boulders below.

At last we got ashore all right, and the cart went back for the nets, etc., and the other men, some of whom waded, others rode across. Mr. Ridley had brought with him a curious looking basket, made by the peasants in Germany, very handsomely worked in wicker. This basket he carried on his back, like a Parisian *chiffonier*. We laughed at his basket but we did not laugh now, and he produced therefrom a capital luncheon, beer, etc. As we sat on the bank we saw the North Tyne gradually rising. Lap, lap, came the little side waves at our feet. Gradually the island on which we had been standing became smaller and smaller, and at last down she came with a mighty rush; the stones which a few moments ago had caused the ripples on the river's surface to sink quickly ducked their heads under water, and where there had been a fordable ... running rapid before, now was a swift deep stream running like oil. This sudden spate was caused, of course, by our friend the black storm on the hills. In this part of Northumberland spates come on very quickly, owing to the mountains being so steep and the moors being so much more drained than they were in former years. With the spate in the river came the storm upon us—a regular spiteful gentleman fresh from the caves of Æolus—rain, sleet, and snow. I was cold—very cold—but I would not let it be seen. I felt my suit of waterproof gradually freezing and becoming like a suit of armour, especially about the arms and throat, so we packed up and walked away as fast as we could under a railway arch, where I managed with the help of a water bailiff, to get off this same frozen dress, and then for a walk—I hate walking—into Bellingham. As we went along a blacker cloud came over and it began to snow, not in nice heavy flakes but little sharp specks the size of peppercorns. The howling wind drove these along like shot from a volley of infantry.

At last we arrived at Bellingham, and on our way home a regular heavy Winter snow storm was on, and kept on all night. The next morning everything, from the distant hills down to the window sills, had put on a white nightcap. My friend Ridley examined, with the telescope, from his lawn, the river tumbling over Chollerford dam in the distance, and at once concluded it would not be of the least use to ... certainly not to-day—may be many days—as all that snow had to melt and come down off the hills into the river in the form of water. "Besides Buckland you're a fortnight or three weeks too late to get the run of spawning salmon off the redds." "Yes," I said, "I know that; but when Sir Julius and the New Zealand's say, 'Go and try,' of course I must go and try."

So I picked up, waited half a day at a country railway station, and got that night to Carlisle, to try what my old friends the salmon in the Caldew had to say.—*Frank Buckland in Land and Water.*

### FEMININE NOTES.

Gray will be one of the favorite colors the present season.

Senator Christiancy announces that he will advocate suffrage for women when a majority of the women of the United States favor it.

Incredible as it may seem, Worth of Paris, has manufactured recently ball dresses with short skirts.

Worth thinks a lady's dress should always have expression. But what a lady's mind has to do with the bust and often supplies ...

The new colored cambric laces are used for trimming children's white dresses. Those with a mixture of ... color ... are the prettiest.

The Breton collars and cuffs for ladies in the latest ... those in Irish guipure embroidery are the prettiest.

The newest fans are of rich white satin, with the monogram of the owner painted and beaded flowers.

Numbers one and twelve ribbons will be the widths most used this summer for trimming hats and bonnets.

Fine white damask is preferred for table linen, as it shows to advantage the colored china now so much used.

Linen dresses will be made with polonaises, and with belted blouse waists, trimmed with linen fringe, lace and embroidery.

Indian silks now shown have a honey comb surface, overshot with bright tinted colors.

Satins will be much used for trimming spring and summer dresses. Some of the new grenadines are trimmed entirely with black satin.

The women of Alaska are noted for the beauty and the great length of their hair, which often falls in glossy ringlets below the waist.

Out of the 117 ladies who have been graduated from the Michigan University only four have taken to the law. How many have taken to lawyers is not stated.—*Graphic.*

Novelties in silks are the cream white brocades with woven bouquets of flowers of all colors scattered over them, and so natural that one wants to pick off the flowers.

The English cutaway coat with vest promises to be the favorite style for street costume this spring. Combined with the short skirt it is very beautiful.

Mrs. Anna A. Leonowens has concluded an engagement with Amherst College to teach Sanscrit in that institution next spring and summer. In the autumn she expects to leave America and resume her residence in Europe.

The cynical paragrapher of the Rome *Sentinel* ventures to say: "It will never do to let women vote. They would die before election day trying to find out the color of the other party's ballots."

Ladies are making new rugs that closely resemble the popular but expensive Turkish rugs. They select a yard and a half of some rich dark pattern of Brussels carpet, and ravel it out, then with two coarse steel needles they knit up these raveled threads.

There appears to be a growing liking for the study of political economy among females in London. Of several prizes given this year by the Cobden Club to the most successful students on the subject, five have been awarded to female competitors.

The English "weather boot" is a new style of foot wear, which consists of water proof kid. It reaches to the garter and has an elastic strap on both sides, and, within the strap, a delicate band of kid, which prevents water from penetrating the boot at the side, for the band is lined with water proof materials also. The soles of this boot are a quarter of an inch in thickness, being of cork in the centre, and of leather above and below the cork.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.—A ROUND ABOUT BUSINESS.—It is a notable fact that no inconsiderable amount of the exports from Great Britain to South and Central America are products imported from the United States and re-exported. Thus, as we see by the *Boston Gazette*, Brazil imports, chiefly from England, of the single article of butter over a million dollars worth, and from the United States only about $6,000 in value, while it is well known that Great Britain has to import butter for her own consumption, and did import last year from the United States more than $3,000,000 in value.

Facts like the foregoing, which might be multiplied indefinitely, point their own moral. They establish that the limited trade of the United States with the rest of the American continent is not because of any lack of the products or commodities which these neighboring peoples require. We raise and manufacture what they want, and they want what we raise and manufacture. But the requirement on the one hand and the ability to supply it on the other, have, to a limited extent only, been brought into communication.

—The steamer Oceanic arrived at San Francisco on Monday night with later news from China and Japan. The terrible fire at Tientsin, China, was in a "refuge house," in which nearly 3,000 refugees from the famine-stricken districts had assembled. The building was destroyed, and only 100 of the inmates escaped. The fearful ravages of the famine in the north were aggravated by extremely cold weather, and the dishonesty of the officials, whose peculations nullified to a great extent the efforts of the Government to supply food. Revolts had occurred in several cities among the frenzied sufferers, and in one of them a speculating mandarin had been beheaded.

—The people of St. Paul were surprised and shocked last week to see a young man make ... as to the loss of him bounding furiously down the streets. He had gone into the room at the telegraph office where curiosity induced him to manipulate one of the batteries and spatter his trowsers with the acid contained therein. ... not pull off his trowsers immediately the fluid would burn the cloth ... into the flesh of its legs. The ... after telegraphic truths was fully convinced that he was in a ... condition and ... sent him home without his trowsers ... changing of his mind.

—Mr. Fitz Ander... died ... recently ... Anderson ... brother of ... Anderson ... from Europe.

☞ We ... mothers ... to ... Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a good medicine. It contains nothing injurious. 25 cents.

☞ Repairing of Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry &c. promptly attended to at last factory ... ..., Radcliff Street, Bristol, P.

☞ CATARRH.—Doctor Taylor's Inhalent is a certain and radical cure for Catarrh, so thin and healing. Price 25 cents. Large boxes $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send stamp for circular and sample, Dr. Taylor, 15, Seventh Avenue, New York.

☞ Dobbins starch polish, which gives this brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

## Special Notices.


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Dr. Martin, 1107 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A permanent cure without knife, ligature or caustic. No charge until cured. Consultations free. Send for a circular containing references. 879

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1st, 1878.

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As our supplies Foreign and Domestic come direct from the manufacturers, there is no intermediate profit ... and we are therefore able to sell ... the same ...

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Too numerous to specify, but which ... the ... styles ... in Paris and London during the present season ...

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Has ... received the most careful attention ... 

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From 47 Cents per Yard, upward.

Every quality guaranteed to be made of FINE Wool. They ... manufactured in France, and are believed to be ... in every respect ...

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We ... the finest assortment ever shown in Philadelphia ... COTTON AND WOOL, ALL WOOL, ... AND SILK, and ALL SILK ...

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, February 28, 1878.


*The* GAZETTE *has the largest circulation with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County*

BRISTOL POST OFFICE

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 8 00 A M, 3 00, 5 00 and 8 00 P M. Closes 5 15 and 9 30, A M, 3 00 and 6 00 P M.

NEW YORK—Arrives 7 00 and 11 00 A M and 3 30 P M. Closes 7 45 and 10 15 A M, 3 30, 6 30 and 9 00 P M.

TRENTON—Arrives 7 00 and 11 00 A M, 3 00 and 5 00 P M. Closes 7 45, 10 15 and 10 15 A M, and 3 30 P M.

TELLTOWN, LOWER VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE DELAWARE RIVER—Arrives at 7 00 A M and close at 7 15 A M.

MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 11 00 A M and 5 00 P M.

DAILY MAILS FOR DOYLESTOWN—Arrive at 10 00 A M, Close at 10 P A M.

Mails for the South and West go by every train daily.

Letter boxes will for the advertised every Thursday at 11 P M. GAZETTE office open from 7 00 A M, to 8 0 P M.

W. J. BAKER, Postmaster.

## SOKIN.

The Temperance Lyceum meets to-morrow evening.

—Harry Atkinson has sold his milk route to Jesse Dawson of Lansdale.

—Sorrel Hole claims the honor of catching the most fish on the first morning of the season.

—The new Commissioners were sworn in by Burgess Shaw on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock.

—The Missionary Anniversary of the Methodist Sunday School takes place next Sunday evening.

—It is stated that the Knights of Pythias are looking around for a location for putting up a new Hall.

—Nelson Wright has been committed by Justice Dorlon to Doylestown for a month, on the charge of vagrancy.

—Mr. William Smith has removed to Cedarville, where he will take charge of the Baptist church of that place.

—A new crossing has been placed across Mill street, between Walnut and Cedar streets. It is an improvement long needed.

—John C. Stackhouse of Bristol, will deliver a temperance address on Monday evening before the Y. M. C. A. of Hartsville. His subject is "The Little Foxes Spoil the Vines."

—By request the entertainment for the benefit of the poor which was given at Odeon Hall this Saturday week, will be repeated the first part of March. Due notice will be given hereafter.

—Lee Twilight has resumed the reins, and has taken a long rest through overdriving and bending the horses as a warning against such treatment. Twilight is a good driver and should have a good team. Bristol Post Office, 3 P M.

—Rev. J. S. Good lost many days of his time during the week while on his way to Carthage in a Warner. The cars of the Mr. Gr. Scott company could but the roads were so blockaded that he was compelled to wait.

—Tell Hall, the foot race, is reported by the Gazette as having been matched by the Governor's Board of Mediation of the Board of Health. He is a very good runner, and would result in a good gamble if a match could be made.

—The annual meeting of the Friends of Bristol and Falls Meeting will be held on Saturday the 16th inst. at Friends' Meeting House, Bristol, at which time the following officers will be elected for the ensuing year: Clerk, Thomas Stackhouse; Assistant Clerk, Mary C. Stackhouse; Treasurer, Mary Ann Stackhouse; Overseers, Mary Ann Stackhouse, Mary Ann Stackhouse, Jr., Mary Ann Stackhouse, 3d, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 4th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 5th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 6th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 7th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 8th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 9th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 10th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 11th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 12th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 13th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 14th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 15th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 16th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 17th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 18th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 19th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 20th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 21st, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 22nd, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 23rd, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 24th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 25th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 26th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 27th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 28th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 29th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 30th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 31st, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 32nd, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 33rd, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 34th, Mary Ann Stackhouse, 35th, Mary Ann 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## BREAK OF DAY

BY ELLIS GRAY

Cruel white waves in sad under tone
Break at my feet with desolate moan
Far in the distance as eye can reach
Only a long strip of sandy beach
Backward and forward to left to right,
Blacker the darkness upon the night

Rugged and silent the mountains loom,
Pitiless shadow of coming doom!
Is there no herald of dawning day
Over the ocean so cold and gray?
Waiting I watch on the shore in vain
Fast throbs my heart with its bitter pain

Turn from the desolate moaning sea
It hath no part in thy life or thee
Dreary the path where no flowers bloom
By rugged shore through the mountain's gloom
Thine is the burden with weary feet,
Brave—not despairing—thy fate go meet

From pain no longer a coward shrink,
Though the cup is bitter thy lips must drink
Farthward no more turn thy tearful gaze,
Who works in earnest in earnest prays
The rough dark road thou wouldst fain forget
Upward! Onward! The end is not yet

Lo! the mountain's crown on the ebony night
Glows with a glory of rosy light!
Dark is the valley the sea is gray
But the bright top burns the beacon of day
A fiery shaft from the golden East
Enkindles the altar where God is Priest

Rosy lights creep down the mountain side
Flushing the slow heaving swelling tide
Rainbow of promise high overhead
Tells of day coming with silent tread
Slowly the curtain of night is furled
Softly the light of God blesses the world

Through the simmering gold of breaking day
A white-winged sail is speeding its way
Ah! bless the Day full of hope new born
That brings my love in its happy dawn!
Shine out in the sky! O glorious sun
The end is not yet Life has just begun

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HOME DENTISTRY.—It is so clearly the best policy for all who suffer from dental complications to seek the aid of a skilled dentist, that it may be almost superfluous to premise that the following hints are written for those only who from want of funds or other causes are unable to obtain professional advice

Decayed teeth should at once be thoroughly stopped, whether troublesome or not, because if the nerve is exposed a tooth will always be tender unfit for use and liable to ache, while the food will lodge in the cavity and decompose, causing the breath to be offensive To treat a decayed tooth, proceed as follows First clean out the cavity, picking out all the decomposed parts which can be reached and dry the interior with cotton For this and subsequent operations a thin steel or iron instrument sharpened at the point and slightly curved, will be found useful Should the nerve be exposed it should be killed There are several ways of doing this One method is to allow a drop of creosote to fall on a piece of cotton, when the latter is placed on the nerve in the cavity filling in with pure cotton Oil of cloves may also be used, it is slower in its action, but is more agreeable Both of these are poisons, if taken into the stomach in any considerable quantity They are therefore to be used on the teeth with care, and only at the place needed For the plug take a bit of common gutta percha and plunge it into boiling water, which will soften it and render it as easy to manipulate as putty The cavity having been cleaned and wiped dry, allow a single drop of the oil of cloves to fall upon a very small bit of cotton and force the latter into the hollow of the tooth pressing it well in Pinch off a piece of the softened gutta percha of the size of the cavity, dry it quickly on a cotton cloth, press it in with the instrument, and smooth the outside with the finger If the cavity is in the crown of the tooth close the jaws the gutta percha will thus be molded into the shape of the opposite tooth In about ten minutes the gutta percha will harden and the tooth will be capable of use If the nerve is not exposed and tender, the oil of cloves and cotton may be omitted In case the tooth has decayed so far that a mere shell is left apply sufficient gutta percha to form a complete cover When two or three teeth touching each other are badly decayed, they may be covered by a single piece of gutta percha If at any time the tooth becomes troublesome again the filling may be removed by the pointed instrument and a fresh one inserted

It should be borne in mind that a toothache caused by an exposed nerve in a decayed tooth can be instantly cured by the application of the oil of cloves, which should be used with care as above stated, so that it will not affect the sound teeth When the nerve is destroyed future relief from pain is insured Thus all who have broken or ragged teeth, and cannot obtain dentist's aid, may readily free themselves from pain and render the injured teeth serviceable

A good wash for the mouth may be prepared as follows Dissolve a little permanganate of potash in water rinsing the mouth with a portion of the solution This will destroy the organic matter hanging about the teeth and render the breath inodorous —*Scientific American*

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EXPERIMENTS IN POTATO GROWING.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* writes to that paper I have had thirteen years experience, during which I have made potatoe raising a specialty and tried many experiments a few of which I now give your readers for what they are worth In the first place, the planting of whole potatoes is entirely contrary to my experience For several years I planted a small portion of my potato patch not only with different kinds of seed, but with the same varieties cutting the seed into different shapes and planting differently, but giving the whole the same culture as the remainder of the crop Where I have planted whole potatoes, of whatever kinds they have invariably given me more potatoes in the hill, but of so much smaller size that I did not get so large a yield and the larger portion of what I did get was almost worthless As to the tops, they were always more abundant but less hardy The most notable example I ever had of this was two years ago, when I hired an acre of land from a neighbor and planted it May 10 to Early Rose, he putting in a half acre of the same variety, the quality of the land being the same The ploughing was done by the same man, on the same day, and planted the same day in the same way The culture was about the same, the only difference being that I cut my seed to single eyes, and he planted his seed whole They were dug the same day, my acre yielding 300 bushels of fine potatoes, his one half acre yielding only twenty eight bushels of small size and poor quality Now as to the difference in seed selected from the different ends of the potatoe This experiment was continued for three years in the following manner First, by taking the potatoes and cutting them into equal parts and planting the seed or "blow" ends in rows by themselves and the stem ends in other rows, and hills planted side by side, cultivation the same At digging time the potatoes were dug and measured, and in three years the difference in quality was hardly perceptible, but those from the stem end were the largest, with fewer in the hill The second experiment continued the same length of time as the first, cutting the potatoes as before putting seed and stem end by themselves I next cut each piece into single eyes, planted them in drills three feet apart eighteen inches apart in the row, side by side, cultivation the same. By this method I found that the seed or "blow" end gave me not only the largest yield but the best and most uniform potatoes every year Those from the seed end grew better, and those from the stem end poorer This last experiment I tried twice with the same result Now I consider the theory that the stem end being the best, which seems to be so very popular, to have its foundation, if it has any at all, based upon the simple fact that where the seed end was planted by itself, and stem end the same, each end was kept intact, and the seed end having a greater preponderance of eyes so many potatoes formed in the hill that they could not grow to any size, while the stem end having but few eyes, and many of them often failing to produce a sprout, they had plenty of room to grow and develop into larger and better potatoes After trying every way of planting, from the whole potato, half potato, and from five eyes, down to one, putting from one to three pieces in the hill, I have come to the conclusion that one piece to the hill will give the best returns

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BROAD CHESTED HORSES.—"Wind" said an old horseman, "is the great secret of a fast horse Good lungs will cover a multitude of faults; whilst, on the other hand, perfection of shape and form are useless when the wind is out The chest, therefore, in all cases, should be large and capacious In shape it may vary somewhat, according to the service to which the horse is to be put If he is to be kept for slow work and heavy drawing, the chest may be nearly circular in form, because this shape is the one for strength and bulk, to receive and bear up against the pressure of the collar, while at the same time sufficient room is secured for that expansion of the lungs caused by slow, regular work. But if the chest is circular, let it be at the same time deep, or else the lungs may be cramped A horse with a shallow chest is worthless for any purpose The rule, then, is this For a draft horse a circular but deep chest, but as you pass through the different degrees of speed, up to the racer and trotter, the chest will increase in depth, compared to his roundness, until, for the highest rate of speed, you must take a chest as deep as a grayhound, and at the same time not lacking in strength Every breeder should keep this rule in mind when selecting his brood mares and stallions, for he may be sure that shallow-chested parents never beget deep-chested colts"

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TO PRESERVE PEGGED BOOTS.—If pegged boots are occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and upper leather, they will not rip. If the soles of boots and shoes are dressed with petroleum they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs, it is said, are not affected by dryness after being well saturated with the oil.

*Correspondence Springfield Republican*

## A FARMER ON HIS SARCASM.

### He Ridicules the New Fangled Notions of Sanitary Science.

Whenever a village or city swell wakes up to the consciousness that he is getting rusty from his own idleness, he rubs his eyes and looks around to see if he can't do something smart and thus detract attention from his own sluggish shortcomings His favorite method is to lay the farming community across his knee, give them a sound slapping, plume his wings and crow a little, then he settles back into his former self crosses his feet on top of the nearest chair or table takes his filthy cigar between his teeth, and is very well contented to let the rest of the world administer to his wants thereafter

When I was a boy the farm houses and out buildings of Vermont were very uniform in their characteristics There were the house and wood shed, and at a greater or less distance a barn or barns at another angle the hog pen, and still another, leaving the bleakest space possible to intervene, stood the privy The old well with its oaken bucket, or the spring hard by, furnished water for the family, and a brook somewhere within a half mile for the cattle to drink from These were considered the necessary attachments to a good farm I verily believe that at this period in the history of Vermont the people were better contented, men growled less about hard times our mothers were more cheerful over their hardships and children came up with a better promise for their future, both morally and physically, than at the present time But the time came when all this must be changed A new era dawned Farm buildings must be built compactly so as to be convenient and acceptable the house must have running water coming to within four feet of the stove, the slops must be no longer thrown upon the ground, but must be conducted into the earth by a sink spout, the barn must have a cellar, so as to save all the fertilizing properties, and so on etc

Now that we have adopted all these improvements the talking man comes around He tells us, "Your lead pipe water is killing the whole family the sink spout is a regular volcano of foul gases you will all have the typhoid fever within a week the bad air from your tight rooms, feather beds and wool carpets, will lay you out in debility and consumption in less than a 12 month Why, sir you ought not to have a cellar under your house—don't you know foul air rises? Can't you smell pork and potatoes? My dear sir, that cellar under your barn will cause debility to your cows and thus deteriorate the quality of your butter And the farmer sighs, "Oh, dear me it has cost me $2500 to fix these things and now I have got to have my house inverted,—cellar up above, sink spouts sticking straight up in the air and then $500 to a machinist for an engine to squirt the stuff where it will bother me no more Lead pipe all got to be lined with glass, barn cellar filled up with one layer of gravel one of green vitriol, and another of cobble stones That beautiful shade tree in front of my house must be cut down because it makes the atmosphere too damp?" "But sir, stop," says the talking man, "You'll die before you get this done, from neglect of other things you are eating salt pork, you must eat beefsteak So he calls the meat man "Three pounds beefsteak, if you please" "Yes sir I have some that is nice" So he cuts and saws, and the good wife pounds and cooks and the family are seated at the table with great anticipations Alas after tugging away at sinews—which are tougher than the sinews of war—he arises, seeing no way out of the dilemma but to invest in a dog or a sausage cutter

Your Woodstock correspondent points out what to him are disgusting and unwholesome practices of the Vermont farmers, but he casts very little light on our benighted path way His sink spout rapidly compresses the foul air, to burst forth upon him at a time when he is illy prepared to receive it The gases from a pork dinner might save him from consumption The "boiled dish" might serve to crowd out the walls of his dyspeptic stomach The fresh beef which he says cost the city man money, costs the farmer the oil that produces that very cash doled back to him in small doses The farmer has been made the pen and ink foot ball of many a writer simply for the reason that he expects the farmer will not answer back Farmer ... almost everybody in Vermont at least from the judge down to the tramp, and it is unfair to mass the whole together and hold up their shortcomings to the world, as it would be to shake New York city three days with an earthquake and then analyze the whole mass

I despair of living to see the problem solved as to just what, how much and when people may eat and drink what air it is safe to breathe, or what kind of rooms and on what kind of beds it is proper for us to sleep But the agitation of the subject sets one to thinking, and I have thought perhaps Mt Washington would be a good site for building but on further reflection have abandoned the idea from the fact that gases from the sink spouts rising would envelop my dwelling Then I have thought of Goat Island where I might have good drainage, and so solve the sink spout nuisance, but alas! the locality is too damp I am now contemplating the inside of the crater of Vesuvius, where I can build an inverted house (as it would be likely to leak from below) and I can have the cellar above, connect my sink spout with one of the lava jets and should any bad air be discovered, I can easily fumigate the whole concern Should I carry out the scheme, and become satisfied that I shall live forever I will save a order lot and send for my friend "Peter"

FARMER

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A HINT ABOUT ROOSTS.—Seeing a farmer near me building a new hen house the other day, I took occasion to give him a new idea He was putting in his roosts in the old fashioned way, one being above another on an angle of about forty five degrees In this way the fowls are led to an attempt to all get upon the highest roosts, and as it gets full the weaker are crowded off and fall to the ground, they begin again to climb up only to repeat the same performance until it gets so dark that they stop climbing resting contented upon a lower roost or even upon ground under the roosts In the morning the fowls will not go down as they went up from one roost to another, but fly from the roost to the ground In this way and by falling from the roost to the ground at night heavy fowls are often crippled in the legs or otherwise injured especially when the fowl is very full of eggs Many likely hens I have seen completely spoiled in this way I told him that I should build the roosts all of the same height, and not more than two and a half feet from the floor putting them about fifteen inches apart Before I left I had the satisfaction of seeing him commence to undo the work he had done, and to build his roosts as I suggested, and of hearing an old farmer who was present declare his intention of taking out his roosts, which were upon the "ladder" style and putting in new ones level and lower I think they will save hens enough before spring, by so doing to more than pay for the labor it will take —*Boston Journal*

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THE FEVER TREE.—Eucalyptus globulus is the botanical name of a tree of much beauty and medical worth Its uses have not been as fully appreciated in this country as in some others The tree is a native of Australia, and its history, from its discovery in the latter part of the eighteenth century, has been attended with interesting developments French and German savants have tested its peculiar qualities and found it a preventative of malarial sickness where it abounds It is called the fever tree from its medicinal properties, and its cultivation is urged in all lowland climates making it specially advantageous in Southern States The tree draws moisture from the earth, owing to the evaporating surface of its leaves thus preventing the generation of marshmiasm Among those in this city who have taken an interest in cultivating this tree is Mr Sidney Scudder He strongly urges its extensive production There are several small trees of this description in this city The finest specimen in this region is in the yard of Mr Ed Milby in Houston The tree is of healthy appearance, and, though but two years old, has attained a height of about thirty feet —*Galveston News*

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THE RAIN TREE.—Among the many virtues of the eucalyptus or blue gum tree is the property of absorbing moisture, and instances are related in which moist and marshy places have been made comparatively dry by planting trees of this species upon them, although the method of draining has not yet come into general use There is another tree whose properties are as wonderful as the blue gum It is the rain tree of Peru, and it is said that moisture drops from its leaves and branches all the time, and that in some instances the ground around it becomes a swamp It would appear from these facts that by a judicious use of these trees, which are so opposite in nature, the wet places of the earth can be made dry and the dry places wet—that deserts may be turned into swamps and swamps into deserts The rain tree, whose peculiar property is said to increase in the dry season, might be made useful for irrigation in this State —*Napa Register*

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A traveler in Texas reports a new decree of table etiquette He discovered a few blonde hairs in the soup, and he thought the landlord would feel very bad about it, but that gentleman merely remarked, as he excavated a perishing fly from the butter: "All I ask is, judge, that you don't fish em out with your finger. You have got to use a fork It is one of the rules of the house that no gentleman is expected to put his fingers on the vittles. This ain't no railroad town, but when it comes to style and tone we carry off the blue ribbon every time the horn toots.

## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

### Legendary Lore Concerning this Interesting Person and His Companions.

Among the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings German legends are, however more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country

A Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket and went home According to one version the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard When taxed either with Sabbath breaking, or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed, "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon" After his death this fate duly befel him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat molten lead as a punishment The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spell bound there He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unmolested by the foresters But he had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty himself After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath day holy, God said he must be punished, but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or the moon The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun and thus the Besenmannle or "Broom man" came into the moon with his faggot on his back Some say that the Almighty set light to the faggot and it burns perpetually in order that the bearer may not be frozen to death At Waltenburg in the Grisons the tale is somewhat different A poor woman besought a "Senner" to give her a little milk, which he roughly refused to do Thereupon she wished he might go to the coldest place in existence, which is the moon, and he is there visible with his milk-pail

The man in the moon frequently figures in North German legends Kuhn relates a tradition in the Havel country One Christmas eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat cabbage, and having none himself he slipped into his neighbor's garden to cut some Just as he had filled his basket the Christ Child rode past on his white horse and said "Because thou hast stolen in the holy night, thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage" No sooner said than done and the criminal is still undergoing his penalty At Paderborn in Westphalia the crime committed was not theft, but hindering people from attending church on Easter day by placing a thorn bush in the field gate through which they had to pass

In the neighborhood of Wittingen, the man is said to be banished to the moon because he tied up his brooms on Maunday Thursday, and at Dellinghofen of having mown his mead ows on Sunday

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Easter morning, while at Hemer in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good Friday, and had just poised a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thorn bush and pitchfork but likewise by a woman churning They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath the man by fencing his field and the woman by churning her butter during the hours of divine service

An ancient Northern fable states that Mani (the Moon) kidnapped two children called Bil and Hiuki from the earth while they were employed in drawing water from the well Byrgir, bearing on their shoulders the pail Saegr on the pole Simul These children follow Mani, and are plainly visible from the earth

This myth of the child stealing Moon Man, which existed throughout the North and also in Germany evidently received a Christian coloring in later times The idea of the theft was retained, but the chief stress is laid on the observance of the Christian festival The culprit does not suffer for stealing the wood but mainly for committing the sin on the Lord's day This interpretation may have originated in the account in the Book of Numbers, of Moses commanding the Israelite to be stoned who had gathered wood on the Sabbath day Giffin says he cannot trace the exact period when the Northern fable first appeared in Germany, but he has no doubt of its great antiquity

All nations seem to have had a curious desire to account for spots in the moon

According to the Hindoos, Chandras the God of the Moon, bears a hare in his arms The Mongolians also believe that the spots represent a hare One of their deities transformed himself into a hare to feed a starving wayfarer, and in honor of this act of virtue the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he one day lost his way in a forest and after long wandering he met a hare, who thus addressed him "I can help thee Do thou take the right hand path, and I will guide thee out of this wilderness"

"I thank thee," returned Buddha "but I am poor and starving, and am unable to requite thy kindness"

"If thou art hungry" replied the hare "light a fire, kill and eat me

Buddha lighted a fire as desired and the hare immediately leaped in but Buddha now displayed his supernatural powers, and tearing the hare from the flames he placed it in the moon, where it still abides This story is related by a French traveler in Ceylon and he adds that his telescope was often borrowed by the natives in order that they might inspect the hare in the moon

Chaucer describes the moon as Lady Cynthia

Her gite was gray and full of spottis blake
And on her breast a chorle painted full even
Bearing a bush of thornis on his bake
Which for his theft might climb no ner the heven

Shakspeare also alludes to the man in the moon in The Tempest and "The Midsummer Night's Dream

According to one tradition, the figure is that of Isaac bearing the faggot on his shoulders for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah Another calls the man Cain with a bundle of briars Dante mentions this both in his "Paradiso and Inferno There is a pretty medieval legend which describes the moon as St Mary Magdalene and the spots on it as her repentant tears

The following Westphalian legends are evidently not of Christian origin A youth visiting his sweetheart at night, wished to enter her room by the window while the moon was, shining bright He therefore, took a bramble with which he attempted to darken it, but he remained hanging to the thorn bush

A tipsy man, coming out of the public house threatened the moon with a bramble he held in his hand This audacious conduct enraged the moon, who drew the man up, and there he is to this day

Mullenhoff says that the people of Rantum, in the Schleswig island of Sylt, declare that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to scoop up the water and pour it on the earth At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors so that the water may subside —*All the Year Round*

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AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.—According to popular belief the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth Whoever arrives at the right moment at the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow, but if nobody is there the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall This once happened at Reutlingen in Swabia It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it At Tubingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinlach, to secure the golden dish Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck A shepherd in the Swabian Alp once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot Small round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest, the rainbow uses a golden goblet which is afterward dropped A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex—men become women and *vice versa*

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WOMAN THROUGH AND THROUGH.—I heard a conversation recently between a young lady in society and the representative of a leading society paper It was at a charity ball, the girl was pretty and exquisitely dressed She went up to the young gentleman and said "Now, Mr ——, don't you put my name in the paper, nor tell what I had on. I have wore this dress once before and it's horribly old. I was going to have a French dress from Worth's, but it didn't get here, so I had to wear this, now mind, don't put my name in the paper, but if you do, send me six"—*Milwaukee Sentinel*

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Some men prefer to be a big sun-flower, and smile upon a world, rather than adorn a corner of some violet bed, but there is no accounting for tastes.—*The Alliance.*

## Bristol.

### Interesting and Important Items

Which should engage the attention of every ECONOMICAL AND PRUDENT HOUSE KEEPER

IN BUCKS COUNTY.

OUR large and constantly increasing trade gives more and more facilites of obtaining our goods at lower rates and whenever we can obtain a reduction from a manufacturer we give our customers the advantage of it To satisfy the numerous demands of our patrons we have been obliged to add constantly to the size and variety of our stock, and are compelled in the Spring to occupy the entire TWO STORES, 58 and 60 MILL STREET We shall continue to add to our stock until there will be scarcely anything needed in a family but what we will be able to supply, and at the extreme low prices for which we are popular We have now BARGAINS on hand which will both surprise and gratify those who take the time to examine them Canton Flannel 5c yard best Calico 5c best Spool Cotton 5c men's all wool Knit Jackets $1 00 heavy cotton Knit Jackets 90c, two linen Handkerchiefs, 25c, black and white ZEPHYR 12c ounce, GERMANTOWN WOOL black, white and colored 10c ounce, ladies' and gents SILK UMBRELLAS $2 25 fine alpaca Umbrellas $1 25 heavy blue Flannel 25c yd, grey Flannel 17c ladies Knit Jackets 65c GLOVES, GLOVES —Men's real buck Gloves 65c, boy's Mitts 25c GENTS' UNDERWEAR at very low prices Fine dress Shirts three-ply linen boson, best muslin 75c and $1 00, Underskirts, white or colored, 30 35 and 40c merino, 50 and 60c, gents' all wool Drawers worth $1 25 only 80c, navy blue Flannel Shirts $1 00 and $1 25 strong working Shirts 40 and 45c BOOTS, BOOTS SHOES, SHOES —Genuine water proof Boots $3 25 per pair Congress Gaiters, $1 35, a fine pair of tap sole Gaiters $1 65 boys' $1 25, boy's Boots 80c up to $1 75, men's Boots, $1 75, $2 25 and $2 50 double sole Gum Boots $3 00 Arctic Overshoes $1 50 for 7's and 8's, ladies Shoes, 65c, $1 00 and $1 25, children's from 50c upward BLANKETS $2 50 and $3 00 per pair QUILTS $1 25, splendid Horse Blankets 85c and $1 00 OVERALLS of all kinds from 40c to heavy duck 60c GLASS-WARE AND CROCKERY Dessert Dishes, handsome patterns 28 to 35c per dozen Individual Salts 25 and 31c per dozen, splendid Tea Sets, 4 pieces 45c elegant Goblets 50c dozen, Tumblers 45c large Night Lamps 25c complete, Bracket Lamps large and small, all prices Celery Glasses, 25c GROCERIES —A full line at city prices Fruit Citron 25c pound, 3 lbs new Currants 25c, splendid layer Raisins, 10c pound, nice Valencias, 7c, At more's Mince Meat 9½c by the bucket, three pound can of Tomatoes 11c We sell Sugars at wholesale rates Good Rio Coffee 22 and 25c, best Rio, 28c Java 33c best Laguyra 30c TEAS, TEAS —We keep the best and cheapest in the market Fine Japan, 40c mixed 40c Oolong 40c, Japan and Black Tea Siftings 25c per pound SPICES, SPICES, always pure and fresh Ginger, 8 cqr best Pepper, 7 and 8c qr Concentrated Lye 12c box, new crop New Orleans Molasses 50 55 and 65c a gallon, fine Syrup 50 and 55c TINWARE —Milk Pans $2 25 per dozen Sugar Molasses 30c per gallon Large quantities of other goods too numerous to mention which we are selling at very low figures, but only for CASH No credit given under any circumstances

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Corner of Wood and Washington Streets, BRISTOL, PA,

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Fine Groceries and Provisions,

consisting in part of

DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,

And in fact, everything in the GroceryLine

### Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF MRS ANNA BOOZ, late of the Township of Bristol, County of Bucks deceased All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to

JESSE L BOOZ,
ALBERT BOOZ,
HENRY S BOOZ,
Executors.

148

### Notice.

ALL persons having claims against JOSEPH BOOZ will present them for settlement, and all persons indebted to him will make immediate payment to WM KINSEY, Agent.

January 31, 1878 141

CAME to the subscriber, in Bristol township, on Bloomdale farm, a Black and White Barrow PIG, about ten weeks old The owner can have the same by proving property, paying charges, &c

118 ABNER WILEY.

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FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

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FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

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Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,

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HAIR GOODS.

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N B —Stamping and Embroidery done to order 768

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And choice designs of ladies and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains Crosses Lockets and full Roman setts of Jewelry Ear Rings Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State They are of rich designs, and goods that are rare to find They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks Bronzes for mantle outfits, which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice pieces of Sterling Silver new and elegant designs of Silver Plated Wares, Napkin Rings Pocket Fruit Knives Tea Spoons Table Spoons Forks and a large variety of Tea Table and Dessert Knives and every thing to furnish out a house compliment it cluding Castors, Individual Salt Distributors " Soup Ladles, etc Diamond Rings and plain 18k Engagement Rings always on hand Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have and they will try and please you in everything you want and make prices as low as the quality will allow Christmas is coming and we have just what you all want 89

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For New York.

At 1 16, 8 11, 9 21, and 11 46 A M 2 44, 6 21, and 7 44 P M Sunday trains 9 21 A M and 8 17 P M

For Trenton.

At 7 58, 9 21, 11 09, and 11 47 A M 2 44, 2 59, 4 34, 5 14, 6 12, 6 21, 7 05, 7 44, and 9 06 P M On Sundays, 9 21 9 53, A M and 2 59, 8 17, P M

☞ The 7 58, 11 09 11 47 A M 2 59 4 34 and 6 12 P M trains connect with Belvidere Division

From Trenton

At 6 40, 7 10, 8 00, 9 15, and 10 14 A M 12 00 M 1 05, 2 50, 3 45, 6 55, and 9 14 P M On Sundays 12 00 noon and 9 14 P M

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2 Will clear in any soil superior to the best tempered Steel Plows
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Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches

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As cheap as can be found elsewhere

☞ Give me a call get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere 80

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☞ Repair work solicited

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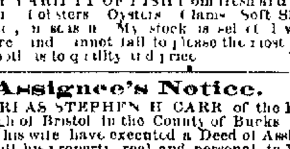

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Bristol Borough January 17 1878 117

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